

**PARADISE LOST, THE  
TEXT REPROD. FROM  
THE 1ST ED. OF 1667,  
WITH AN APPENDIX  
AND A MONOGRAPH...**

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John Milton



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PARADISE LOST





# PARADISE LOST

*IN TEN BOOKS*

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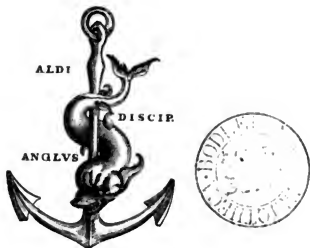
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With an **APPENDIX** containing the

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a Monograph on the Original

Publication of the **POEM**.



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# Paradise loft.

A

# P O E M

Written in

# T E N B O O K S

By *JOHN MILTON.*

---

Licenfed and Entred according  
to Order.

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*L O N D O N*

Printed, and are to be fold by *Peter Parker*  
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in *Fleet-ftreet*, 1667.



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK I.



Of Mans First Disobedience, and  
the Fruit  
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose  
mortal tast  
Brought Death into the World,  
and all our woe,

With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill  
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar

A

Above

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,  
20 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyfs  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert th' Eternal Providence,  
And justify the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
30 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
40 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down

To

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst despise th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal : But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :  
At once as far as Angels ken he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, 60  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all ; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd :  
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell !  
There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

80 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Bēelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; But O how fall'n ! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst outshine  
Myriads though bright : If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
90 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
In equal ruin : into what Pit thou seest  
From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd  
He with his Thunder : and till then who knew  
The force of those dire Arms ? yet not for those  
Nor what the Potent Viçtor in his rage  
Can else inflict do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre ; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
100 And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost ?  
All is not lost ; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield :  
And what is else not to be overcome ?  
110 That Glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power  
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall ; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
And this Empyreall substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worfe, in foresight much advanc't,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

120

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despaire :  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King ;  
And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
Can Perish : for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

130

140

But

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
150 By right of Warr, what e're his busines be  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep ;  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?  
Whereto with speedy words th'Arch-fiend reply'd.  
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or Suffering : but of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our task,  
160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil ;  
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
170 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The Sulphurous Hail  
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid  
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
Wing'd

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or fatiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, 180  
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire Calamity, 190  
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,  
If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate  
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briarios* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
By ancient *Tarfus* held, or that Sea-beast 200  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream :  
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam  
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind

Moors



Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays :  
210 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he fought  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
220 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
His mighty Stature ; on each hand the flames  
Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld  
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire ;  
230 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak : Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,  
Both

*Paradise lost.*      Book I.

Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,      240  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee (gloom  
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
 Whom reason hath equald, force hath made su-  
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields (pream      250  
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.

The mind is its own place, and in it self  
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less then hee  
 Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built      260  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:

Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce  
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?      270

B

So

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

So *Satan* spake, and him *Bēëlzebub*  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,  
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lye  
280 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
Through Optic Glasse the *Tuscan* Artist views  
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,  
290 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walkt with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
300 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks

In

*Paradise lost.* Book 1.

In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades  
High overarch't imbrow; or scatterd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves ore-  
*Bufris* and his *Memphian* Chivalrie, (threw  
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310  
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
Abjeſt and loſt lay theſe, covering the Flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow Deep  
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now loſt,  
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſieze  
Eternal ſpirits; or have ye choſ'n this place  
After the toyl of Battel to repoſe  
Your wearied vertue, for the eaſe you find 320  
To ſlumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abjeſt poſture have ye ſworn  
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
With ſcatter'd Arms and Enſigns, till anon  
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n Gates diſcern  
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abaſht, and up they ſprung  
Upon the wing, as when men went to watch  
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Nor did they not perceave the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;  
Yet to their Generals Voyce they foon obeyd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt*s evill day  
340 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile* :  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
"Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires ;  
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Thir course, in even ballance down they light  
350 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain ;  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.  
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
Their great Commander ; Godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
360 And Powers that carst in Heaven sat on Thrones ;  
Though of their Names in heavenly Records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,  
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
By

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

By falſities and lyes the greateſt part  
Of Mankind they corrupted to forſake  
God their Creator, and th' inviſible  
Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370  
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities :  
Then were they known to men by various Names,  
And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
Say, Muſe, their Names then known, who firſt, who  
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery Couch, (laſt,  
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth  
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,  
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof? 380  
The chief were thoſe who from the Pit of Hell  
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix  
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
Among the Nations round, and durſt abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd  
Within his Sanctuary it ſelf their Shrines,  
Abominations ; and with curſed things  
His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts profan'd, 390  
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.  
Firſt *Moloch*, horrid King beſmear'd with blood  
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noyſe of Drums and Timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt through fire  
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
Worſhipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
In *Argob* and in *Baſan*, to the ſtream

Of

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

400 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of *Salomon* he led by fraud to build  
His Temple right against the Temple of God  
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence  
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,  
From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*  
And *Heronaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond  
410 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,  
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bordering flood  
420 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ti'd or manac'd with joynt or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,  
430 Can execute their aerie purposes,

And

*Paradise lost.*      Book I.

And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
 For those the Race of *Israel* oft forfook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns ;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon      440  
*Sidonian* Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
 In *Sion* also not un Sung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a Summers day,  
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock      450  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded : the Love-tale  
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch  
*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,      460  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers :  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man

And



Book I. *Paradise lost.*

And downward Fifth : yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks  
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
470 He also against the house of God was bold :  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train  
480 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd  
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did *Israël* scape  
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb* : and the Rebel King  
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.  
490 *Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for it self : To him no Temple stood  
Or Altar smok'd ; yet who more oft then hee  
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest

With

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God.  
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,  
And injury and outrage: And when Night  
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
In *Gibeah*, when hospitable Dores  
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held  
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born  
With his enormous brood, and birthright feis'd  
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Creet*  
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,  
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast

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C

Like

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

530 Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike found  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard  
His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall :  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld  
'Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
540 Seraphic arms and Trophies : all the while  
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds :  
At which the univerfal Host upsent  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving : with them rose  
A Forrest huge of Spears : and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move  
550 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd  
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560  
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now  
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise  
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,  
Thir visages and stature as of Gods, 570  
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
Glories: For never since created man,  
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more then that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what refounds  
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son 580  
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
Jousted in *Asframont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Thir dread Commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Stood like a Tower; his form had yet not lost  
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon  
600 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
610 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assaid, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
620 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
Match-

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this places testifies, and this dire change  
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-raisd, and repossess their native seat.  
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custome, and his Regal State 640  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New warr, provok't; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rise 650  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither,

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſſe  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
660 Full Counſel muſt mature : Peace is deſpaird,  
For who can think Submiſſion? Warr then, Warr  
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake : and to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim ; the ſudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell : highly they rag'd  
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arm's  
Clash'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

670 There ſtood a Hill not far whoſe grieſly top  
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak ; the reſt entire  
Shon with a gloſſie ſcurff, undoubted ſign  
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed  
A numerous Brigad haſten'd. As when bands  
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd  
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or caſt a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
680 *Mammon*, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell  
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,  
Then aught divine or holy elſe enjoy'd  
In viſion beatific : by him firſt  
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,  
Ranſack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Riſt'd

*Paradise lost.*      Book I.

Ris'd the bowels of thir mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid.    Soon had his crew  
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound  
And dig'd out ribs of Gold.    Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that foyle may best  
Deserve the pretious bane.    And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell  
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,  
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,  
And Strength and Art are easily outdone  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toyle  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,  
Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boyling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
A non out of the earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
The roof was fretted Gold.    Not *Babilon*,  
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence

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710

Equal'd



Book I. *Paradise lost.*

720 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat  
 Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Affyria* strove  
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores  
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendant by futtle Magic many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light  
 730 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Aufonian* land  
 740 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*  
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn  
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he  
 750 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent (scape  
 With

*Paradise lost.* Book I.

With his industrious crew to build in hell.  
Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host pro-  
A solemn Council forthwith to be held (claim  
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital  
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
From every and Band squared Regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760  
Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates  
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair (bold  
Defi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry  
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brusht with the his of rusling wings. As Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer  
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,  
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd  
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780  
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side

D

Or

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

790 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance  
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear ;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidit the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*

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P A R A -

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# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK II.



High on a Throne of Royal State, which far  
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold, (hand  
Satan exalted fat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial vertues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate :

D 2

Me

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Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,  
20 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne  
Yeilded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
30 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper then prosperity  
40 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.  
He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather then be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse

He

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake. | 50  
My sentence is for open Warr : Of Wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here  
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns  
By our delay ? no, let us rather choose | 60  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,  
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
Against the Torturer ; when to meet the noise  
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear  
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels ; and his Throne it self  
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire, | 70  
His own invented Torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepey drench  
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat : descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight | 80  
We sunk thus low ? Th' ascent is easie then ;  
Th'

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Th' event is fear'd ; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worfe way his wrath may find  
To our destruction : if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worfe destroy'd : what can be worfe  
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from blifs, con-  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe ; (demn'd  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
90 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing houre  
Calls us to Penance ? More destroy'd then thus  
We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire ? which to the highth enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier farr  
Then miserable to have eternal being :  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
100 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne :  
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.  
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more graceful and humane ;  
110 A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seemd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
But all was false and hollow ; though his Tongue  
Dropt Manna, and could make the worfe appear  
The

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest Counsels : for his thoughts were low ;  
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the eare,  
And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr, 120  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :  
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what Revenge? the Towns of Heav'n are fill'd  
With Armed watch, that render all access 130  
Impregnable ; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest Infurrection, to confound  
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy  
All incorruptible would on his Throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould

Incapable of stain would soon expel 140  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair : we must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure,

To



Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

To be no more ; sad cure ; for who would loose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost  
150 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion ? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever ? how he can  
Is doubtful ; that he never will is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless ? wherefore cease we then ?  
160 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,  
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe ;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse ? is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms ?  
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us ? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning Lake ? that sure was worse.  
170 What if the breath that kind'd those grim fires  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the Flames ? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again  
His red right hand to plague us ? what if all  
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall

One

*Paradise lost.* Book. 2.

One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,  
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180  
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains ;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeles end ; this would be worfe.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades ; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view ? he from heav'ns highth 190  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides ;  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains & these Torments ? better these then worfe  
By my advice ; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200  
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of thir Conquerour : This is now  
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,

E

Our

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

210 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisf'd  
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
220 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to our selves more woe.  
Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.  
Either to disenthron the King of Heav'n  
230 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthron we then  
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:  
The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord su-  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent (pream  
And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we  
240 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne

With

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes  
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so e're 260  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This Desert soile 270  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
280 Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay  
290 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard  
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another Field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear  
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
By pollicy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
Which when *Bēelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,  
300 *Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
Deliberation sat and publick care;  
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,  
Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood

With

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as Night  
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.  
Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n, 310  
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League  
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine 320  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: For he, be sure,  
In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign  
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
What fit we then projecting Peace and Warr?  
Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss 330  
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

340 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy seat  
Of som new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
350 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or futtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure  
366 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onfet, either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand

Abo-

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
In his disturbance ; when his darling Sons  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Thir frail Originals, and faded blifs,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to fit in darknes here  
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Bēelzebub*  
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence,  
But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Spark'd in all thir eyes ; with full assent  
They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.  
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd ; which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
Neerer our ancient Seat ; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring  
And opportune excursion we may chance (Arms  
Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some milde Zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious Air,  
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires

Shall

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Book. 2. *Paradise lost.*

Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we fend  
In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyſs  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive  
410 The happy Ile; what ſtrength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe  
Through the ſtriſt Senteries and Stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumſpection, and we now no leſs  
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we fend,  
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.  
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held  
His look ſuſpence, awaiting who appeer'd  
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake  
420 The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each  
In others count'nance red his own diſmay  
Aſtoniſht: none among the choice and prime  
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring Champions could be  
So hardie as to proffer or accept (found  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt  
*Satan*, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.  
430 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones,  
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demurr  
Seis'd us, though undiſmaid: long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;

Our

*Paradise lost.* Book. 2.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
These past, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape into what ever world,  
Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.  
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape (pos'd  
Of difficulty or danger could deterre  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honourd fits? Go therefore mighty powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell 460  
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize

F

None

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, leaft from his refolution rais'd  
470 Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard ;  
And fo refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice  
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;  
Thir riling all at once was as the found  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone ; and as a God  
480 Extoll him equal to the higheft in Heav'n :  
Nor fail'd they to exprefs how much they prais'd,  
That for the general fafety he despis'd  
His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loofe all thir vertue ; leaft bad men should boast  
Thir fpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or clofe ambition varnifht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoycing in thir matchlefs Chief :  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
490 Ascending, while the North wind fleeps, o'refspread  
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre ;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell fweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds  
Atteft thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely difagree

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace : and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife  
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy :  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction waite.

500

The *Stygian* Council thus dissolv'd ; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,  
And God-like imitated State ; him round  
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry  
With Trumpets regal sound the great result :  
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie  
By Haralds voice explain'd : the hollow Abyfs  
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell  
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.

510

520

Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or fad choice  
Leads him perplex, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 530 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields ;  
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rufh  
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
Prie forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears  
Till thickest Legions close ; with feats of Arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell
- 540 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
As when *Acides* from *Oealia* Crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,  
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw  
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,  
Retreated in a filent valley, sing  
With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
- 550 By doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate  
Free Vertue ſhould enthral to Force or Chance.  
Thir ſong was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing ?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with raviſhment  
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet  
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senſe,)  
Others apart ſat on a Hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
- 560 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,  
And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie :  
Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part in Squadrons and grofs Bands, 570  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps  
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams ;  
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep ;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the ruful stream ; fierce *Pblegeton* 580  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion roules  
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms  
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590  
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian Bog*  
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Cafius* old,

Where

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Where Armies whole have sunk : the parching Air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought : and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
600 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so neer the brink ;  
610 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands  
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found  
No rest : through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
620 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of  
A Universe of death, which God by curse (death,  
Created evil, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abomi-

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Abominable, inutterable, and worfe

Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adverfary of God and Man,  
*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of higheft defign,  
Puts on fwift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell  
Explores his folitary flight; fom times  
He fcours the right hand coaft, fom times the left,  
Now fhaves with level wing the Deep, then foares  
Up to the fiery concave touring high.

As when farr off at Sea a Fleet defcri'd  
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds  
Clofe failing from *Bengala*, or the Iles

Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring  
Thir fpicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape

Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So feem'd  
Farr off the flying Fiend: at laft appeer

Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were  
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, (Brafs,

Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconfum'd. Before the Gates there fat  
On either fide a formidable fhape;

The one feem'd Woman to the wafte, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a fcaly fould  
Voluminous and vaft, a Serpent arm'd

With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceafing bark'd  
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung

A hideous Peal: yet, when they lift, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd thir noyfe, into her wombo,

And



Book. 2. *Paradise lost.*

660 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
Within unfeen. Farr less abhorrd then these  
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore :  
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon  
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
670 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful Dart ; what seem'd his head  
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat  
The Monster moving onward came as fast,  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,  
Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd ;  
680 And with disdainful look thus first began.  
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee :  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.  
To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,  
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,

Who

*Paradise lost.*      Book 2.

Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then 690  
 Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons  
 Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?  
 And reck'n'ft thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doomd, and breath'ft defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700  
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
 Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieffie terrour, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold  
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
 Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood  
 Unterrif'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge 710  
 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
 Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
 With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
 To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
 So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like 720

G

To

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

To meet fo great a foe : and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snakie Sorcerers that fat  
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, the cry'd,  
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,  
730 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom ;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd :

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
740 What it intends ; till first I know of thee,  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son ?  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portrefs of Hell Gate reply'd ;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in fight  
750 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm

In

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seisd  
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign 760  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'ft enamour'd, and such joy thou took't  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear Victory, to our part losfs and rout 770  
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
I also; at which time this powerful Key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbredemie

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death* ;  
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
From all her Caves, and back refounded *Death*.  
790 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,  
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,  
And in embraces forcible and foule  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseles cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw  
800 My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
Afresh with conscions terrours vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bane,  
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
810 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.  
She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore  
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire 820  
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know (change  
I come noemie, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
Of Spirits that in our just pretences arm'd  
Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense 830  
To search with wandring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round, a place of blifs  
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Least Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return, 840  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinnd horrible a gastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 850 The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.  
But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
860 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass't round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and blifs, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befeems  
870 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.  
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,  
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie  
880 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound  
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great

Harsh

*Paradise lost.*      Book 2.

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,  
 That with extended wings a Banner'd Host  
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear      890  
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,      (highth,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and  
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise  
 Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.  
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
 Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring  
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag      900  
 Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
 Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,      910  
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt

Con-



Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th'Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wilde Abyfs the warie fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith  
920 He had to cross. Nor was his care less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,  
With all her battering Engines bent to raise  
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
In mutinie had from her Axle torn  
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes  
He spreads for flight, and in the furling smoak  
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League  
930 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides  
Audacious, but that feat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuitie: all unawares  
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,  
940 Nor good dry Land: nigh foundered on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness  
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,  
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth

Had

*Paradise lost.* Book 2.

Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
The guarded Gold : So eagerly the fiend  
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies : 950  
At length a universal hubbub wilde  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
With loudest vehemence : thither he plyes,  
Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyfs  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the neereft coast of darkness lyes  
Bordering on light ; when strait behold the Throne  
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960  
Wide on the wasteful Deep ; with him Enthron'd  
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his Reign ; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
Of *Demogorgon* ; Rumor next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyfs,  
*Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie, 970  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
Wandering this darksome defart, as my way  
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
What readiest path leads where your gloomie  
Confine with Heav'n ; or if som other place (bounds

H

From

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

980 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
I travel this profound, direct my course ;  
Directed, no mean recompence it brings  
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darknes and your sway  
(Which is my present journey) and once more  
Erect the Stander there of *ancient Night* ;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.  
Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old  
990 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'ns King, though over-  
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host (thrown.  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n Gates  
Poured out by millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
1000 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve,  
That little which is left so to defend  
Encroacht on still through our intestine boiles  
Weakning the Scepter of old Night : first Hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World  
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:  
If that way be your walk, you have not farr ;  
So much the neerer danger ; goe and speed ;  
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He

*Paradise lost.*      Book. 2.

He ceas'd ; and <i>Satan</i> staid not to reply, But glad that now his Sea should find a shore, With fresh alacritie and force renew'd Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock Of fighting Elements, on all sides round Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset And more endanger'd, then when <i>Argo</i> pass'd Through <i>Bosporus</i> betwixt the jutting Rocks : Or when <i>Ulysses</i> on the Larbord shunn'd <i>Charybdis</i> , and by th' other whirlpool steard.	1010
So he with difficulty and labour hard Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee ; But hee once past, soon after when man fell, Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n, Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse	1020          1030
With ease intercourse pass to and fro To tempt or punish mortals, except whom God and good Angels guard by special grace. But now at last the sacred influence Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins Her farthest verge, and <i>Chaos</i> to retire As from her utmost works a brok'n foe With tumult less and with less hostile din, That <i>Satan</i> with less toil, and now with ease	1040

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

1050 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn ;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd  
Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat ;  
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr  
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurst, and in a curst hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*

P A R A -



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK III.



Hail holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is  
(light,

And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With

Book. 3. *Paradise lost.*

With other notes then to th' *Orphean Lyre*  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
20 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp ; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
30 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor somtimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind *Tbamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,  
And *Tirestias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid  
40 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
Presented with a Universal blanc

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out. 50  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view :  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60  
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance ; on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,

His onely Son ; On Earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two  
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
In blisful solitude ; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there 70  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80

Transports



Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Transports our adverſarie, whom no bounds  
Preſcrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs  
Wide interrupt can hold ; ſo bent he ſeems  
On deſperat revenge, that ſhall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
90 And Man there plac't, with purpoſe to aſſay  
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,  
By ſom falſe guile pervert ; and ſhall pervert ;  
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience : So will fall  
Hee and his faithleſs Progenie : whoſe fault ?  
Whoſe but his own ? ingrate, he had of mee  
All he could have ; I made him juſt and right,  
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.  
100 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who ſtood & them who faild ;  
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn ſincere  
Of true allegiance, conſtant Faith or Love,  
Where onely what they needs muſt do, appeard,  
Not what they would ? what praiſe could they re-  
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid, (ceive ?  
When Will and Reaſon (Reaſon alſo is choice)  
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoild,  
110 Made paſſive both, had ſervd neceſſitie,  
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe

Thir

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate ;  
As if Predestination over-rul'd  
Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown. 120  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or aught by me immutable foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose ; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves : I else must change  
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls deceiv'd 130  
By the other first : Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none : in Mercy and Justice both,  
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,  
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.  
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
Substantially express'd, and in his face 140  
Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.  
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
I Thy

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable found  
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
150 For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
160 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
170 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely voutfast; once more I will renew  
His laps'd powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd

By

Paradise lost. Book. 3.

By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180  
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
Elect above the rest ; so is my will :  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incens'd Deitie, while offerd grace  
Invites ; for I will clear thir senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
Mine care shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;  
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more, 200  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not don ; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns  
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

210 He with his whole posteritie must die,  
Die hee or Justice must ; unless for him  
Som other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare ?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n : on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
220 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom fet.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace ;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
230 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,  
Happie for man, so coming ; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :  
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall ;  
Account mee man ; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
240 Freely put off, and for him lastly die

Well

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage ;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht ; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile ;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.

250

I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave :  
Then with the multitude of my redeemed  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
And reconcilement ; wrauth shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

260

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend

270

won-

Book. 3. *Paradise lost.*

Wondring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare

280 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,

Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne ;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth : Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.

290 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,

Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.

So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,

300 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.

Because

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to fave  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed univerfal King; all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce: 320  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee fend  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge 330  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall  
And after all thir tribulations long (dwell  
See



Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
340 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
350 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Blifs through midst of Heavn  
Rowls o're *Elifan* Flours her Amber stream;  
360 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet  
Of charming symphonic they introduce

Their

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n. 370

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer, 380  
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.

Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th'Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold ; on thee  
Imprest the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man ; him through their malice fall'n, 400

K

Father

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline :  
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son  
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Blifs wherein hee sat  
Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
410 For mans offence. O unexempl'd love,  
Love no where to be found lesf then Divine !  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.  
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
420 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,  
*Satan* alighted walks : a Globe farr off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundles Continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starles expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie ;  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
Though distant farr som small reflection gaines  
Of glimmering air lesf vext with tempest loud :  
430 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,  
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,

Dif-

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids  
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the  
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams; (Springs  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon light :  
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had filld the works of men :  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450  
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds ;  
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here, (dreamd ;  
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have  
Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460  
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde :  
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born  
First from the ancient World those Giants came

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build :  
Others came single ; hee who to be deemd  
470 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
*Empedocles*, and hee who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elyfium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers  
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;  
And they who to be sure of Paradise  
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,  
480 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd ;  
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs  
The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd ;  
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems  
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
A violent crosse wind from either Coast  
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
Into the devious Air ; then might ye see  
490 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost  
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of Winds : all these upwhird aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod ;  
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500  
His travell'd steps ; farr distant hee descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 510  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled  
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.  
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon 520  
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the dores of Blifs.  
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
Just o're the blifsful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

Wider

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

50 Wider by farr then that of after-times  
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,  
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood  
To *Bëersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare ;  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
540 *Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the fudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
Through dark and defart wayes with peril gone  
All night ; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First-seen, or some renownd Metropolis  
550 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling Canopie  
Of Nights extended shade ; from Eastern Point  
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears  
*Andromeda* farr off *Atlantick* Seas  
560 Beyond th' *Horizon* ; then from Pole to Pole

He

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,  
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
He stayd not to enquire: above them all  
The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move 580  
Thir Sarry dance in numbers that compute (Lamp  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Univers, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseene,  
Shoots invifible vertue even to the deep:  
So wondrously was fet his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
Not



Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire ;  
If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer ;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,  
610 That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have fought,  
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
620 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
630 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun :  
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid ;

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 3.

Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
Illustrious on his Shoulders sledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on som great charge employ'd  
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandring flight  
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
His journies end and our beginning woe.

But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;  
Under a Coronet his flowing haire

In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his care, and strait was known  
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n  
Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry, (Earth  
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accostes.

*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will

L

Inter-

640

650

660

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

670 Interpreter through higheft Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend ;  
And here art likeliest by supream decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round ;  
Unspeakeable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
680 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell ;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd ;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise ;  
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that los  
Created this new happie Race of Men  
690 To serve him better : wise are all his wayes.  
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd ;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth :  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspition sleeps  
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where

*Paradise lost.* Book. 3.

Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
*Uriel*, though Regent of the Sun, and held 700  
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule  
In his uprightnes answer thus returnd.  
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy Emphyreal Mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 710  
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar 720  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
Till at his second bidding darknes fled,  
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course, 730

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

The rest in circuit walle this Univerſe.  
Look downward on that Globe whoſe hither ſide  
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;  
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light  
His day, which elſe as th' other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring  
(So call that oppoſite fair Starr) her aide (Moon  
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, ſtill renewing through mid Heav'n,  
With borrowd light her countenance triform  
740 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That ſpot to which I point is *Paradiſe*,  
*Adams* abode, thoſe loſtie ſhades his Bowre.  
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.

Thus ſaid, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
As to ſuperior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coaſt of Earth beneath,  
Down from th' Ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,  
750 Throws his ſteep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor ſtaid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

*The End of the Third Book.*

P A R A -



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK IV.



For that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Wo to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first Parents had bin warn'd  
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter ere th' Accufer of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles

10

Upon

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
20 The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more then from himself can fly  
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad, (Sun,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing  
30 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.  
O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs  
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;  
40 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:  
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less then to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

I deind subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthenfome, still paying, still to ow ;  
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,  
And understood not that a gratefull mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and dischargd ; what burden then ?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happie ; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not ? som other Power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
Drawn to his part ; but other Powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?  
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to ac-  
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all ? (cuse,  
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable ! which way shall I flie  
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire ?  
Which way I flie is Hell ; my self am Hell ;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent : is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left ?  
None left but by submission ; and that word

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*Disdain*



Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

*Difdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
Under what torments inwardly I groane :  
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
90 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc't  
The lower still I fall, onely supream  
In miserie ; such joy Ambition findes.  
But say I could repent and could obtaine  
By Act of Grace my former state ; how soon  
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow (deep :  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so  
100 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall : so should I purchase deare  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher ; therefore as far  
From granting hee, as I from begging peace :  
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this World.  
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
Farwel Remorse : all Good to me is lost ;  
110 Evil be thou my Good ; by thee at least  
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne ;  
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.  
Thus

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betrayd  
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule  
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first

That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
*Uriel* once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' *Affyrian* mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
Spirit of happie fort: his gestures fierce  
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone, 130  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,  
Access deni'd; and over head up grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,  
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140  
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:  
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.

M

And

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

And higher then that Wall a circling row  
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt :  
150 On which the Sun more glad impres'd his beams  
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd  
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadnes but despair: now gentle gales  
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispenſe  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who faile  
160 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
*Sabean* Odours from the spicie shoare  
Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay (League  
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a  
Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came thir bane, though with them better  
Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume, (pleas'd  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
170 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.  
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
All path of Man or Beast that past that way :

One

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East  
On th' other side : which when th' arch-fellon saw  
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt, 180  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve  
In hurd'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould :  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190  
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles ;  
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould :  
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a Cormorant ; yet not true Life  
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
To them who liv'd ; nor on the vertue thought  
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge 200  
Of immortalitie. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heaven on Earth : for blisful Paradise  
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

210 Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line  
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towers  
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleafant foile  
His farr more pleafant Garden God ordaind;  
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
All Trees of nobleft kind for fight, fmell, tafte;  
And all amid them flood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming Ambrofial Fruit  
220 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew faft by,  
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through *Eden* went a River large, (hill  
Nor chang'd his courfe, but through the fhaggie  
Pafs'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous Earth with kindly thirft up drawn,  
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
230 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
Which from his darkfom paffage now appears,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme  
And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
With mazie error under pendant shades  
240 Ran Nectar, vifiting each plant, and fed  
Flours worthy of *Paradise* which not nice Art

In

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc't shade  
Embround the noontide Bows: Thus was this place,  
A happy rural seat of various view ; (Balme,  
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and  
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde  
Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, 250  
If true, here onely, and of delicious taste :  
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
Graſing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap  
Of ſom irriguous Valley ſpread her ſtore,  
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Roſe :  
Another ſide, umbrageous Grots and Caves  
Of coole receſs, o're which the mantling Vine  
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps 260  
Luxuriant ; mean while murmuring waters fall  
Down the ſlope hills, diſperſt, or in a Lake,  
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,  
Her chryſtall mirror holds, unite thir ſtreams.  
The Birds thir quire apply ; aires, vernal aires,  
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while *Univerſal Pan*  
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance  
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpin* gathring flours  
Her ſelf a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis* 270  
Was gatherd, which coſt *Ceres* all that pain  
To ſeek her through the world ; nor that ſweet  
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inſpir'd (Grove  
*Caſtalian*

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

*Castalian* Spring might with this *Paradise*  
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyſſean* Ile  
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,  
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;  
280 Nor where *Abaffin* Kings thir iſſue Guard,  
Mount *Amara*, though this by ſom ſuppos'd  
True *Paradise* under the *Ethiop* Line  
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with ſhining Rock,  
A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote  
From this *Aſſyrian* Garden, where the Fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living Creatures new to fight and ſtrange:  
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
290 In naked Maſteſtie ſeemd Lords of all,  
And worthie ſeemd, for in thir looks Divine  
The image of thir glorious Maker ſhon,  
Truth, Wiſdome, Sanctitude ſevere and pure,  
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;  
Whence true autoritie in men; though both  
Not equal, as thir ſex not equal ſeemd;  
For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
For ſoftneſs ſhee and ſweet attractive Grace,  
Hee for God only, ſhee for God in him:  
300 His fair large Front and Eye ſublime declar'd  
Absolute rule; and *Hyacinthin* Locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:  
Shee as a vail down to the ſlender waſte  
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore

Diſſhe-

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,  
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay. 310

Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,  
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
And banisht from mans life his happieft life,  
Simplicite and spotles innocence.

So pasd they naked on, nor shund the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill : 320  
So hand in hand they pasd, the lovliest pair  
That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since borne  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
They sat them down, and after no more toil  
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease  
More easie, wholesom thirst and appetite 330

More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours :  
The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

Wanted,



Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

340 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems  
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,  
Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chafe  
In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den ;  
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
Dandl'd the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards  
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd  
His Lithe Proboscis ; close the Serpent sly  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
350 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
Cought, and now filld with pasture gazing fat,  
Or Bedward ruminating : for the Sun  
Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer  
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale  
Of Heav'n the Stars that usher Evening rose :  
When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd fad.

O Hell ! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,  
Into our room of blifs thus high advanc't  
360 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that formd them on thir shape hath  
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh (pourd.  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;  
Happy ;

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high feat your Heav'n  
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
And should I at your harmles innocencie  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
By conquering this new World, compels me now  
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.  
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree  
Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
Neerer to view his prey, and unesp'd  
To mark what of thir state he more might learn  
By word or action markt: about them round

37°

38°

39°

40°

N

A

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both  
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
410 Turnd him all care to heare new utterance flow.  
Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample World  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite,  
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happines, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires  
420 From us no other service then to keep  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule  
430 Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
Over all other Creatures that possesse  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free

*Paradise lost.* Book. 4.

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights :  
But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
His bountie, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom 440  
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd 450  
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n ; I thither went  
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe  
On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.

As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460  
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd  
Bending to look on me, I started back,  
It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,  
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love, there I had fixt

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seeft,  
What there thou seeft fair Creature is thy felf,  
470 With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow ftaias  
Thy coming, and thy foft imbraces, hee  
Whofe image thou art, him thou fhalt enjoy  
Infeparable thine, to him fhalt beare  
Multitudes like thy felf, and thence be call'd  
Mother of human Race : what could I doe,  
But follow ftrait, invifibly thus led ?  
Till I efpi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought lefs faire,  
480 Lefs winning foft, lefs amiablie milde,  
Then that fmooth watry image ; back I turnd,  
Thou following cryd'ft aloud, Return fair *Eve*,  
Whom fi'ft thou? whom thou fi'ft, of him thou art,  
His flefh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my fide to thee, neereft my heart  
Subftantial Life, to have thee by my fide  
Henceforth an individual folace dear ;  
Part of my Soul I feek thee, and thee claim  
My other half : with that thy gentle hand  
Scifd mine, I yeilded, and from that time fee  
490 How beauty is excelld by manly grace  
And wifdom, which alone is truly fair.  
So fpake our general Mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,  
And meek furrender, half imbracing leand  
On our firft Father, half her swelling Breaft  
Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
Of her loofe trefles hid : he in delight

Both

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds 500  
That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd  
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.  
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill  
Of blifs on blifs, while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire, 510  
Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,  
Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith? 520  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with designe  
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;

A

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

- 530 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.  
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began (roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his  
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
 540 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
 Leveld his evening Rayes: it was a Rock  
 Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
 550 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Spears  
 Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
 Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
 In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Imprefs the Air, and shews the Mariner  
 From what point of his Compaſs to beware  
 560 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.  
*Gabriel*, to thee thy courf by Lot hath giv'n  
 Charge

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Charge and strict watch that to this happie place  
No evil thing approach or enter in ;  
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man  
Gods latest Image : I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate ;  
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
Where he first lighted, soon discernd his looks  
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :  
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him ; one of the banisht crew  
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

570

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd :  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfet fight,  
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
See farr and wide : in at this Gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
Well known from Heav'n ; and since Meridian hour  
No Creature thence : if Spirit of other fort,  
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
But if within the circuit of these walks  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

580

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd  
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
Beneath th' *Azores* ; whither the prime Orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd

590

Diurnal,



Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Diurnal, or this lefs volubil Earth  
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold  
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend :  
Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad ;  
600 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale ;  
She all night long her amorous descant fung ;  
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the Firmament  
With living Saphirs : *Hesperus* that led  
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerles light,  
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.  
610 When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Confort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids ; other Creatures all day long  
Rove idle unimploid, and lefs need rest ;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,  
620 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies ;  
While other Animals unactive range,  
And of thir doings God takes no account.  
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform

Yon

*Paradise lost.* Book. 4.

Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth :  
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,  
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

630

To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd.  
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains,  
God is thy Law, thou mine : to know no more  
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time,  
All seasons and thir change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest Birds ; pleasant the Sun  
When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
Glistring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train :  
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,  
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom

640

650

O

This

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.  
660 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,  
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Least total darknes should by Night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
670 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseles praise his works behold  
680 Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note  
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.  
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd

On

*Paradise lost.*      Book 4.

On to thir blifsful Bower ; it was a place Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd All things to mans delightful use ; the rooffe Of thickest covert was inwoven shade Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side <i>Acanthus</i> , and each odorous bushie shrub Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flour, <i>Iris</i> all hues, Roses, and Gessamin                  (wrought Rear'd high thir flourish't heads between, and Mosaic ; underfoot the Violet,	690
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay                  (stone Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with Of costliest Emblem : other Creature here Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none ; Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd, <i>Pan</i> or <i>Sikvanus</i> never slept, nor Nymph, Nor <i>Faunus</i> haunted. Here in close recess With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs Espoused <i>Eve</i> deckt first her Nuptial Bed,	700
And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung, What day the genial Angel to our Sire Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd, More lovely then <i>Pandora</i> , whom the Gods Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like In sad event, when to the unwifer Son Of <i>Japhet</i> brought by <i>Hermes</i> , she ensnar'd Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd On him who had stole <i>Joves</i> authentic fire.	710
Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood, Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd	720

Book 4 *Paradise lost.*

The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n  
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe  
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
Which we in our appointed work imployd  
Have finish't happie in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the Crown of all our blifs  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
730 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
740 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,  
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene  
*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites  
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk  
Of puritie and place and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?

750 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true fource  
Of human offspring, sole proprietie,  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men

Among

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

Among the bestial herds to range, by thee  
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
Relations dear, and all the Charities  
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,  
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,  
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,  
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours

760

Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
These lulld by Nightingales embracing slept,  
And on thir naked limbs the flourish'd  
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more.

770

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd  
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

780

*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.

From

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

From these, two strong and suttler Spirits he calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
 790 *Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leav unfearcht no nook,  
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) e-  
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: (scap'd  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,  
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
 800 In search of whom they fought: him there they  
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*; (found  
 Affaying by his Devilish art to reach  
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires  
 381 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
 Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine

With

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire :  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend. 820  
Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd  
So sudden to behold the grieſlie King ;  
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.

Which of thoſe rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon, and transform'd,  
Why ſaſt thou like an enemy in waite  
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep ?

Know ye not then ſaid *Satan*, filld with ſcorn,  
Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate 830  
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoare ;  
Not to know mee argues your ſelves unknown,  
The loweſt of your throng ; or if ye know,  
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin  
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus *Zephor*, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn.  
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy ſhape the fame,  
Or undimiſht brightneſs, to be known  
As when thou ſtoodſt in Heav'n upright and pure ;  
That Glorie then, when thou no more waſt good, 840  
Departed from thee, and thou reſembl'ſt now  
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foule.  
But come, for thou, beſure, ſhalt give account  
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.

So ſpake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke  
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace  
Invincible : abaſht the Devil ſtood,  
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw  
Vertue in her ſhape how lovly, ſaw, and pin'd 850  
His loſs ; but chiefly to find here obſervd

His



Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zepbon* bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can doe  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

860 The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;  
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,  
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie  
He held it vain; awe from above had quelld  
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding  
Just met, & closing stood in Squadron joind (guards  
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief  
*Gabriel* from the Front thus calld aloud.

870 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne  
*Ithuriel* and *Zepbon* through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of Regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd  
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,  
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

880 To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgres  
By thy example, but have power and right

To

*Paradise lost.* Book 4.

To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in blifs ?

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.  
*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wife,  
And such I held thee ; but this question askt  
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain ?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell, 890  
Though thither doom'd ? Thou wouldst thy self, no  
And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to  
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence (change  
Dole with delight, which in this place I fought ;  
To thee no reason ; who knowst only good,  
But evil hast not tri'd : and wilt object  
His will who bound us ? let him furer barr  
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance : thus much what was askt. 900  
The rest is true, they found me where they say ;  
But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
O los of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ; 910  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to scape his punishment.  
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

P

Seaven-

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok't.

920 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they  
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
930 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
From hard affaies and ill successés past  
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyfs, and spie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
940 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To

*Paradise lost.* Book. 4.

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.  
To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
Wife to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't, 950  
*Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?  
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd 960  
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,  
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.  
So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd. 970  
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,  
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
Us'd to the y oak, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.  
While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
P 2 Turn'd

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

980 Turnd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes  
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd  
Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd :  
990 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe  
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful  
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise (deeds  
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope  
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
1000 Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
*Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then  
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
1010 Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now  
To

*Paradise lost.*      Book 4.

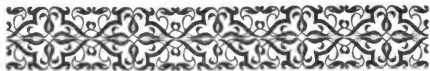
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign      (weak,  
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how  
If thou resist.    The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

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*The End of the Fourth Book.*

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PARA -



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK V.



NOW Morn her rofic steps in th' Eastern  
Clime  
Advancing, fow'd the Earth with  
Orient Pearle,  
When *Adam* wak't, fo customd, for  
his sleep  
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only found  
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
Lightly difpers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song  
Of Birds on every bough ; fo much the more  
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*  
10 With Tresses difcompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet rest : he on his fide  
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beautie, which whether waking or afleep,

Shot

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Shot forth peculiar Graces ; then with voice  
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisperm thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see 30  
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,  
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night ; methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,  
Why sleepest thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields 40  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reigns  
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowie sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

Attracted



Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
50 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
Of interdicted Knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day :  
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
By us oft seen ; his dewie locks distill'd  
Ambrosia ; on that Tree he also gaz'd ;  
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
60 Nor God, nor Man ; is Knowledge so despis'd ?  
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here ?  
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme  
He pluckt, he tasted ; mee damp horror chil'd  
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold :  
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit  
70 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant growes,  
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more ?  
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
Partake thou also ; happie though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,

But

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant favourie smell  
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wondring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night  
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

80

90

Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule  
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these Fantasie next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful Senfes represent,  
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fantasie wakes

100

110

Q

To

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Som such resemblances methinks I find  
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
120 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more chearful and serene  
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
That open now thir choicest bosom'd sinells  
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,  
130 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.  
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
140 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Thir Orifons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, 150  
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almightie, thine this univerval Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspcakable, who sitst above these Heavens  
To us invisible or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:  
Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,

Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, found his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

180 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light.  
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseles change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
190 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd skie,  
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines.  
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
200 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk  
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us onely good; and if the night

Have

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts  
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm. 210

On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld 220  
With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd  
*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd  
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

*Raphael*, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
*Satan* from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf  
Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade 230  
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happie state,  
Happines in his power left free to will,  
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware  
He swerve not too secure: tell him withall

His

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

240 His danger, and from whom, what enemie  
Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of blifs;  
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
Surprifal, unadmonisht, unforeward.  
So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
After his charge receivd; but from among  
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
250 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
260 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glafs  
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie  
Sailles between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing  
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann  
270 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.  
At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wings; six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his breast  
With regal Ornament; the middle pair 280  
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold  
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile  
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld  
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honour rise;  
For on som message high they guesd him bound. 290  
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wilde above rule or Art; enormous blifs.  
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discern'd, as in the dore he sat  
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun 300  
Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme  
Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* need;  
And



Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner favourie fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

310     Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn  
Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n  
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
320     More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,  
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
Beholding shall confests that here on Earth  
330     God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

Tastes,

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds  
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare  
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coate,  
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes  
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits  
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long  
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,  
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess

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360

R

This

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

This spacious ground, in yonder shade Bowre  
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
370 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.  
Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.  
*Adam*, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n  
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre  
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Evening rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
380 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair  
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.  
Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
390 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All

*Paradise lost.* Book. 5.

All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to yeild; unfavourie food perhaps  
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require  
As doth your Rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower facultie  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.

Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.  
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimental recompence  
In humid exhalations, and at Even  
Supps with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines (Morn  
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each  
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
The Angel, nor in mist, the common glofs  
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
440 Of footy coal the Empiric Alchimist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold  
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
450 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.  
Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,  
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass  
Given him by this great Conference to know  
Of things above his World, and of thir being  
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
460 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.  
Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,

Under

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what com-

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd. (pare?)

O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470

If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;

But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending

Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportiond to each kind. So from the root (leaves  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the 480

More aerie, last the bright consummate floure  
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit

Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fancie and understanding, whence the soule

Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse

Is ostest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490

Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,

To proper substance; time may come when men  
With Angels may participate, and find

No

Book. 5. *Paradise lost.*

No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare :  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
500 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell ;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.  
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
510 From center to circumference, whereon  
In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found  
Obedient ?* can wee want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert  
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend ?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
520 Attend : That thou art happy, owe to God ;  
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity ;  
Our voluntarie service he requires,  
Not our necessitated, such with him 530  
Fines no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By Destinie, and can no other choofe ?  
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;  
On other surety none ; freely we serve.  
Because wee freely love, as in our will  
To love or not ; in this we stand or fall : 540  
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell ; O fall  
From what high state of blifs into what woe !  
To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
Attentive, and with more delighted eare  
Divine instructor, I have heard, then when  
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
Aereal Music send : nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free ;  
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550  
Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me and still assure : though what thou tellst  
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard ;  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun

Had



Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

560 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.  
Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
After short pause assenting, thus began.  
High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And peret while they stood; how last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
570 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best, though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?  
As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde  
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth  
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now rests  
580 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past, and future) on such day  
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Emphyreal  
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd, (Host  
Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd  
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare  
590 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book. 5.

Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees ;  
Or in thir glittering Tiffues bear emblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in blifs inbosom'd sat the Son,  
A midst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop  
Brightnes had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, (ers, 600  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-

Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint ;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confesse him Lord :  
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
United as one individual Soule

610

For ever happie : him who disobeyes  
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darknes, deep ingulft, his place  
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.  
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles  
Refembles nearest, mazes intricate,

620

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem :  
And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. Eevning approachd  
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
630 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows :  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet  
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who  
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy. (showrd  
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
640 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd  
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,  
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng  
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
650 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept (course  
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir  
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd

*Satan,*

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more Heav'n; he of the first,  
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
In favour and præminence, yet fraught  
With envie against the Son of God, that day  
Honour by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-  
Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain, (paired.  
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie hour  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream  
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can  
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree (close  
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
Of Heav'ns Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seeest impos'd;  
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may  
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate (raise  
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
690 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.  
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and insus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; hee together calls,  
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,  
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,  
Now ere dim Night had disencumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
700 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host:  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
710 And from within the golden Lamps that burne  
Nightly before him, saw without thir light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full splendence, Heir of all my might,  
Nerely it now concernes us to be sure

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie  
In battel what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.  
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'ft at thir vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate  
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.  
So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers  
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host  
Innumerable as the Stars of Night,  
Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.  
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globose

720

730

740

750

Stretcht

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Stretcht into Longitude ; which having pass'd  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, hee  
760 Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd ;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.  
770 Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues,  
If these magnificent Titles yet remain (Powers,  
Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross't  
All Power, and us eclips't under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
780 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?  
But what if better counsels might erect

Our

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves  
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.

790

Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchie over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
In freedome equal? or can introduce  
Law and Edict on us, who without law  
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

800

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne  
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endu'd  
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due

810

Confess



Book. 5. *Paradise lost.*

Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let Reigne,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
820 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of libertie, who made  
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us les, bent rather to exalt  
Our happie state under one Head more near  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne :  
830 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,  
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n  
By him created in thir bright degrees,  
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd, (ers  
But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
840 One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but haft'n to appease  
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
While Pardon may be found in time besought.  
So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale

None

*Paradise lost.* Book 5.

None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
That we were form'd then faist thou? & the work 850  
Of secundarie hands, by task transferd  
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who  
When this creation was? rememberst thou (saw  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
We know no time when we were not as now;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd  
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature 860  
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
Our puiffance is our own, our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause 870  
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth

T

No

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

880 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws  
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees  
Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
These wicked Tents devoted, lest the wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
890 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.  
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd  
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
900 Though single. From amidst them forth he pasd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towers to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

P A R A -



P A R A D I S E  
L O S T.

BOOK VI.



ALL night the dreadful Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'n's wide Champain held  
his way, till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with  
rosie hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There  
is a Cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n  
Light issues forth, and at the other dore  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour (well 10  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyrean, from before her vanish Night,

T 2

Shot

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Shot through with orient Beams : when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and ferie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :  
20 Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported : gladly then he mixt  
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
Returnd not lost : On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supream ; from whence a voice  
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.  
30     Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintaind  
Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes ;  
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
Universal reproach, far worse to beare  
Then violence : for this was all thy care  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
40 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons

Invin.

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight ;  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

50

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
Of wrath awak't: nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow :  
At which command the Powers Militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on

60

In silence thir bright Legions, to the found  
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious Hill,  
For streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Thir perfet ranks ; for high above the ground  
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
Thir nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
Thir names of thee ; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last

70

Farr

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

80 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd  
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretch  
In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they weend  
That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
To set the envier of his State, the proud  
90 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd  
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onfet ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
100 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot fate  
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;

*Abdiel*

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

*Abdiel* that fight endur'd not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie  
Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might  
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
Unfound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,  
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

120

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens't, and thus securely him des' d.

130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd, (reacht  
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
Unaided could have finish't thee, and whelmd  
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest

140

All



Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

All are not of thy Train ; there be who Faith  
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
From all : my Sect thou see'st, now learn too late  
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.

- 150 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askeance  
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
160 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest : this pause between  
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know ;  
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n  
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one ; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring Spirits, trair'd up in Feast and Song ;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
170 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.  
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name

Of

*Paradise lost.*      Book 6.

<p>Of <i>Servitude</i> to serve whom God ordains,          Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,          When he who rules is worthiest, and excells          Them whom he governs. This is servitude,          To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld          Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,          Thy self not free, but to thy self enthralld;          Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.          Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve          In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine          Benefits obey, worthiest to be obey'd,          Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while          From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,          This greeting on thy impious Crest receive,          So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,          Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell          On the proud Crest of <i>Satan</i>, that no fight,          Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield          Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge          He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee          His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth          Winds under ground or waters forcing way          Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his feat          Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd          The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see          Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,          Prefage of Victorie and fierce desire          Of Battel: whereat <i>Michael</i> bid sound          Th' Arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n          It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung  <i>Hosanna</i> to the Higheft: nor stood at gaze          The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd</p>	<p>180</p> <p>190</p> <p>200</p>
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Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

210 The horrid shock : now storming furie rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; over head the dismal his  
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
Sounder fierie Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heav'n  
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
Had to her Center shook. What wonder ? when  
220 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could weild  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all thir Regions : how much more of Power  
Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat ;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited thir might ; though numberd such  
230 As each divided Legion might have seemd  
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
A Legion ; led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim Warr ; no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argu'd fear ; each on himself reli'd,

As

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

As onely in his arm the moment lay  
Of victorie ; deeds of eternal fame 240  
Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred  
That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale  
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes  
No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length 250  
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway  
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
A vast circumference: At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown 260  
And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
Miserie, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of blifs  
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.

Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
280 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
The Adverfarie. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Haft thou turnd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats  
To chafe me hence? erre not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
290 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,  
I flie not, but have fought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both adrest for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may list  
300 Human imagination to such highth  
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms

Fit

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
Made horrid Circles ; two broad Suns thir Shields  
Blaz'd oppofite, while expectation stood  
In horror ; from each hand with fpeed retir'd  
Where erft was thickeft fight, th' Angelic throng,  
And left large field, unfafe within the wind  
Of fuch commotion, fuch as to fet forth  
Great things by fmall, If Natures concord broke, 310  
Among the Conftellations warr were fprung,  
Two Planets rufhing from afpect maligne  
Of fierceft oppofition in mid Skie,  
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.  
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,  
Uplifted imminent one ftroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeate,  
As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeerd  
In might or fwift prevention ; but the fword 320  
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God  
Was giv'n him temperd fo, that neither keen  
Nor folid might refift that edge : it met  
The fword of *Satan* with fteep force to fmitte  
Descending, and in half cut fheere, nor ftaid,  
But with fwift wheele reverfe, deep entring fhar'd  
All his right fide ; then *Satan* firft knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; fo fore  
The griding fword with difcontinuous wound  
Pafs'd through him, but th' Ethereal fubftance clos'd 330  
Not long divifible, and from the gafh  
A ftream of Nectarous humor iffuing flow'd  
Sanguin, fuch as Celeftial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his Armour ftaind ere while fo bright.  
Forth-

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run  
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
Back to his Chariot ; where it stood retir'd  
From off the files of warr ; there they him laid  
340 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbld by such rebuke, so farr beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.  
Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire :  
350 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd  
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,  
And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound  
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n  
360 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon  
Down clov'n to the waste, with shattered Armes  
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,  
Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
Disdain'd,

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight,  
Mangl'd with gashly wounds through Plate and  
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy (Maile.  
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence  
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:  
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap  
Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd 390  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld  
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In



Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

- 400 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd :  
Such high advantages thir innocence  
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,  
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
Bywound, though from thir place by violence mov'd  
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
Inducing darknes, grateful truce impos'd,  
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr :  
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
410 Vict'or and Vanquisht : on the foughten field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,  
Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night ;  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.  
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes  
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,  
420 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,  
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,  
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes ?)  
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send  
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now  
430 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,

Some

*Paradise lost.*      Book 6.

Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
 Since now we find this our Emphyreal forme  
 Incapable of mortal injurie

Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.

Of evil then so small as easie think

The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In Nature none: if other hidden cause

440

Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;

As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.

450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,  
 Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes (paine  
 Valour or strength, though matchles, quell'd with  
 Which all subdues, and makes remis the hands  
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well

460

Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is perfet miserie, the worst

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.  
470 Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Beleivst so main to our succes, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,  
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht  
480 With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hallow Engins long and round  
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
From far with thundring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands  
490 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind

Think

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee  
To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seemd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have 500  
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race (thought  
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With dev'lish machination might devise  
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd  
Wide the Celestial foile, and saw beneath 510  
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
They found, they mingl'd, and with futtle Art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:  
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
So all ere day spring, under conscious Night  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unesp'd.  
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed  
530 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, (scoure  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
Under spread Ensignes moving nigh, in flow  
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
*Zophiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.  
Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud  
540 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
550 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold  
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
Approaching gros and huge; in hollow Cube  
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
*Satan*: And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
That

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and compofure, and with open brest  
Stand readie to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;  
But that I doubt, however witnefs Heaven,  
Heav'n witnefs thou anon, while we difcharge  
Freely our part : yee who appointed stand  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.  
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended ; when to Right and Left the Front  
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.  
Which to our eyes difcovered new and ftrange,  
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid  
On Wheels (for like to Pillars moft they feem'd  
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr  
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
Brafs, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce ; at each behind  
A Seraph ftood, and in his hand a Reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we fufpenfe,  
Collected ftood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for fudden all at once thir Reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But foon obfcur'd with fmoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
From thofe deep-throated Engins belcht, whose  
Emboweld with outrageous noife the Air, (roar  
And all her entrails tore, difgorging foule  
Thir devillifh glut, chaine Thunderbolts and Hail  
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Hoft  
Level'd

560

570

580

590

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
By thoufands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;  
The fooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
Have eafily as Spirits evaded fwift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foule diffipation follow'd and forc't rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax thir ferried files.  
600 What fhould they do? if on they ruht, repulfe  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
In pofture to difplode thir fecond tire  
Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
They worfe abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,  
And to his Mates thus in derifion call'd.  
O Friends, why come not on thefe Victors proud?  
610 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,  
To entertain them fair with open Front (terms  
And Breft, (what could we more?) propounded  
Of compofition, ftrait they chang'd thir minds,  
Flew off, and into ftrange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they feemd  
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
For joy of offerd peace: but I fuppose  
If our propofals once again were heard  
We fhould compel them to a quick refult.  
620 To whom thus *Belial* in like gamefom mood.  
Leader, the terms we fent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might  
To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)

Light as the Lightning glimpf they ran, they flew,  
From thir foundations loosning to and fro  
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,  
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops  
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,  
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
Till on those curfd Engins triple-row

They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence  
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,  
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air

Came

630

640

650



Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,  
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and brus'd  
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
660 Long strugling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest in imitation to like Armes  
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore ;  
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;  
Infernal noise ; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heapt  
670 Upon confusion rose : and now all Heav'n  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :  
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son  
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.  
680 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son below'd,  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,  
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
These

*Paradise lost.* · Book 6.

These disobedient; fore hath been thir fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690  
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines, (makes  
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which  
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr 700  
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine  
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,  
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, 710  
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles  
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
Pursue these sons of Darknes, drive them out  
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

Y

He

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

720 He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.  
O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst  
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.  
730 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildnes on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
To chains of Darknes, and th' undying Worm,  
740 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happines entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-  
750 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (wind sound  
Flashing

*Paradise lost.*      Book 6.

Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-  
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd (drawn,  
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all  
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the  
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between ; (Wheels  
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,  
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.  
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd  
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,  
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :  
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n :  
 Under whose Conduet *Michael* soon reduc'd  
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
 Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd ;  
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went

760

770

780

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,  
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
Inferstate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,  
790 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?  
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
Stood reibattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
In universal ruin last, and now  
To final Battel drew, disdainig flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
800 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.  
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
810 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold  
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd  
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream  
Kingdom

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
Hath honourd me according to his will.  
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assign'd ;  
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee  
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excells ;  
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

820

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.  
At once the Four spread out thir Starrie wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.  
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
Gloomie as Night ; under his burning Wheels  
The stedfast Emphyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues ; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage ; down thir idle weapons drop'd ;  
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That with'd the Mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,

830

840

Distinct

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

850 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,  
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
860 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
Into the wastful Deep ; the monstrous sight  
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselvs they threw  
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.  
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled  
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
870 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine dayes they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roard,  
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall  
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
Incumberd him with ruin : Hell at last  
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
Unquench-

*Paradise lost.* Book 6.

Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaird  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.  
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes 880

*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turnd :  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
With Jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,  
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to Reign : he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd 890  
On high ; who into Glorie him receav'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on  
At thy request, and that thou maist beware (Earth  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human Race bin hid ;  
The discord which besel, and Warr in Heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld 900  
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereavd of happines thou maist partake  
His punishment, Eternal miserie ;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite don against the most High,  
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.

But



Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

910 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard  
By terrible Example the reward  
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

PARA-



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK VII.



Descend from Heav'n *Urania*, by  
that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose  
Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian*  
Hill I soare,

Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the *Muses* nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,

Z

Thy

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Thy tempring ; with like safetie guided down  
Return me to my Native Element :  
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Clime)  
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
20 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare ;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
In darkness, and with dangers compact rouud,  
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
30 Purples the East : still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race  
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
For thou art Heav'n lie, (shee an empty dreame.  
40 Say Goddeffs, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,  
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware  
Apostatic, by what befell in Heaven  
To those Apostates, least the like befall  
In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,

If

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obeyd amid the choice  
Of all tafts else to please thir appetite,  
Though wandring. He with his comforted *Eve* 50  
The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare  
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in blifs  
With such confusion: but the evil soon  
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What neerer might concern him, how this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
What within *Eden* or without was done  
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth  
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares, 70  
Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
Divine Interpreter, by favour sent  
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne  
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive with solemne purpose to observe

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

- 80 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutfas't  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no les perhaps availe us known,  
How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
90 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest  
Through all Eternitie so late to build  
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould  
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske  
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
To magnifie his works, the more we know.  
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
100 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,  
And longer will delay to heare thee tell  
His Generation, and the rising Birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon  
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song  
End, and dismis thee ere the Morning shine.  
Thus *Adam* his illustrous Guest besought:  
110 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.

This

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

This also thy request with caution askt  
Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
Onely Omniscient, hath suppress't in Night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
Enough is left besides to search and know.  
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain,  
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde. 130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deitie supream, us dispossest,

He

## Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

He trusted to have feis'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;  
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes  
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:  
150 But least his heart exalt him in the harme  
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another World, out of one man a Race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,  
160 And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth,  
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:  
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinite, nor vacuous the space.  
170 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
And put not forth my goodnes, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake

His

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without proces of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.  
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180  
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
And th' habitations of the just; to him  
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create, in stead  
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring  
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
On his great Expedition now appeer'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
Of Majestic Divine, Sapience and Love  
Immenfe, and all his Father in him shon.  
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,  
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,  
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide  
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
On



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.  
210 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyfs  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
And furging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.  
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end :  
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode  
220 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn ;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice : him all his Train  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things :  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,  
230 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void : Darknes profound  
Cover'd th' Abyfs : but on the watrie calme  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs

Adverse

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to several place 240  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
To journie through the airie gloom began,  
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle

Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
And light from darknes by the Hemisphere 250  
Divided: Light the Day, and Darknes Night  
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor un Sung

By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
Exhaling first from Darknes they beheld;  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd  
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. 260

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament  
Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,  
The Waters underneath from those above  
Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World  
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide 270

A a Crystal-

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

CrySTALLIN Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Cbaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Ev'n  
And Morning *Cborus* fung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
280 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
Satiated with genial moisture, when God said  
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.  
Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave  
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:  
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
290 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
As drops on dust conglobing from the drit;  
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command imprefs'd  
On the swift fouds: as Armies at the call  
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to thir Standard, so the watric throng,  
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
300 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent error wandering, found thir way,  
And

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

And on the washie Oofe deep Channels wore ;  
Eafie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
All but within thofe banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas :  
And faw that it was good, and faid, Let th' Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grafs, Herb yeilding Seed, 310  
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind ;  
Whofe Seed is in her felf upon the Earth.  
He fcarce had faid, when the bare Earth, till then  
Defert and bare, unfightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender Grafs, whofe verdure clad  
Her Univerfal Face with pleafant green,  
Then Herbs of every leaf, that fudden flour'd  
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
Her bofom fmelling fweet : and thefe fcarce blown,  
Forth flourish't thick the cluftring Vine, forth crept 320  
The fmelling Gourd, up ftood the cornie Reed  
Embattell'd in her field : add the humble Shrub,  
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit : laft  
Rose as in Dance the ftately Trees, and fprede  
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit ; or gemm'd  
Thir Blossoms : with high Woods the Hills were  
With tufts the vallies & each fountain fide, (crownd,  
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
Seemd like to Heav'n, a feat where Gods might  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt (dwell, 330  
Her facred fhades : though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mift  
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

340 Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,  
For Seasones, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.  
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The les by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,  
350 And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
And Light from Darknes to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightfom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
And fowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,  
360 Tranplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

By tincture or reflection they augment  
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
So farr remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370  
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode : the gray  
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
Shedding sweet influence : lesfs bright the Moon,  
But opposite in leveld West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps 380  
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere : then first adorn'd  
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.  
And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule :  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390  
And God created the great Whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plentcously  
The waters generated by thir kindes,  
And every Bird of wing after his kinde ;  
And saw that it was good, and blefs'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill ;  
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.

Forth-

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

400 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales  
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,  
410 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that  
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclos'd (soon  
420 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and sledge  
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime  
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork  
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:  
Part loofly wing the Region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's  
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
430 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane

Her

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
Solac'd the Woods, and spread thir painted wings  
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Breast; the Swan with Arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes  
Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit  
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.

440

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose  
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,  
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,  
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth  
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns  
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:  
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.

450

460

The



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main ; the Ounce,  
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
470 In Hillocks ; the swift Stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould  
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
His vastness : Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
As Plants : ambiguous between Sea and Land  
The River Horfe and scalie Crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or Worme ; those wav'd thir limber fans  
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
480 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green :  
These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
Minims of Nature ; some of Serpent kinde  
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept  
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
Of Commonaltie : swarming next appeer'd  
490 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
With Honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,  
And thou thir Natures know'it, and gav'it them  
Needlest to thee repeaed ; nor unknown (Names,  
The

<p>The Serpent fitt'ft Beast of all the field,          Of huge extent fometimes, with brazen Eyes          And hairie Main terrific, though to thee          Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.          Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld          Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand          First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire          Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,          By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt          Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;          There wanted yet the Master work, the end          Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone          And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd          With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect          His Stature, and upright with Front serene          Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence          Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,          But grateful to acknowledge whence his good          Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes          Directed in Devotion, to adore          And worship God Supream, who made him chief          Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent          Eternal Father (For where is not hee          Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.</p>	<p>500</p>
<p>Let us make now Man in our image, Man          In our similitude, and let them rule          Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,          Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,          And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.          This said, he formd thee, <i>Adam</i>, thee O Man          Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd          The breath of Life; in his own Image hee</p>	<p>520</p>
<p>B b</p>	<p>Created,</p>

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
530 Femal for Race; then blest'd Mankinde, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
540 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,  
Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;  
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
550 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World  
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound

Sympho-



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, blest'd and hallowd the Sev'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire  
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
Choral or Unifon: of incense Clouds  
600 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite  
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or  
Relate thee; greater now in thy return (tongue  
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
Is greater then created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
610 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine  
Thou hast repeld, while impiouly they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose ferves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'ft more good.  
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;  
620 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's  
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
Of destined habitation; but thou know'ft

Thir

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Thir seasons : among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
Thir pleafant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,  
And fons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
Created in his Image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
Thir happinefs, and persevere upright.

630

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this World and face of things began,  
And what before thy memorie was don  
From the beginning, that posteritie  
Informd by thee might know ; if else thou seekest  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

640

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutfart  
This friendly condescention to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
VVith wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glorie attributed to the high  
Creator ; some thing yet of doubt remaines,  
VVhich onely thy solution can resolve.

650

VVhen I behold this goodly Frame, this VVorld  
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a grain,

An

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
660 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all thir vast survey  
Useles besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler Bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
670 That better might with far less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines  
Her end without least motion, and receives,  
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.  
So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*  
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
680 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her care

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, the sole Auditress ;  
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
Before the Angel, and of him to ask 690  
Chose rather ; hee, she knew would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd ?  
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;  
Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
And from about her shot Darts of desire  
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight. 700  
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd  
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares :  
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
From Man or Angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge 710  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
Rather admire ; or if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild  
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

720 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb :  
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guefs,  
Who art to lead thy ofspring, and fupposeft  
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The lefs not bright, nor Heav'n fuch journies run,  
Earth fitting ftill, when ſhe alone receives  
The benefit: confider firft, that Great  
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
Though, in comparifon of Heav'n, fo ſmall,  
730 Nor gliftering, may of ſolid good containe  
More plenty then the Sun that barren ſhines,  
Whoſe vertue on it ſelf workes no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there firft receavd  
His beams, unactive elſe, thir vigor find.  
Yet not to Earth are thoſe bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it ſpeak  
The Makers high magnificence, who built  
So ſpacious, and his Line ſtretcht out ſo farr;  
740 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt  
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.  
The ſwiftnes of thoſe Circles attribute,  
Though numberleſs, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal ſubſtances could adde  
Speed almoſt Spiritual; mee thou thinkſt not flow,  
Who ſince the Morning hour ſet out from Heav'n  
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
750 In *Eden*, diſtance inexpressible

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly fight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs 760  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different Motions move?  
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift 770  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averse  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicious aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night 780  
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest

C c

As

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eat  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
790 For such vast room in Nature unposselt  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returnes  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
800 Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high  
810 To know what passes there; be lowlie wife:  
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.

How fully hast thou fatisi'd mee, pure

Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,

And freed from intricacies, taught to live,

The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which

God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,

And not molest us, unless we our selves

Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions

But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave (vaine.

Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end ;

Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,

That not to know at large of things remote

From use, obscure and futtle, but to know

That which before us lies in daily life,

Is the prime Wisdome, what is more, is fume,

Or emptines, or fond impertinence,

And renders us in things that most concerne

Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend

A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

Useful, whence haply mention may arise

Of somthing not unseasonable to ask

By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was don

Ere my remembrance : now hear mee relate

My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;

And Day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest

How futtly to detain thee I devise,

Inviting thee to hear while I relate,

Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :

820

830

840

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

850 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill, (vine  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Di-  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
860 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
870 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Least hee incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;

But

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noife, other then the found of Dance or Song, 880  
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: fo we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no lefs then thou with mine.  
So fpake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himfelf beginning knew?  
Defire with thee ftill longer to converfe  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from foundeft fleep 890  
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick inftinctive motion up I fprung,  
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I faw  
Hill, Dale, and fhadie Woods, and funnic Plaines,  
And liquid Lapfe of murmuring Streams; by thefe, 900  
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things fmil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
My felf I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and fometimes went, and fometimes ran  
With fupple joints, as lively vigour led:  
But who I was, or where, or from what caufe,  
Knew not; to fpeak I tri'd, and forthwith fpake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I faw. Thou Sun, faid I, faire Light, 910  
And

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
In goodnes and in power præminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier then I know.  
920 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
Pensive I fate me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
My droued sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
930 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
And said, thy Mantion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,  
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
To the Garden of blis, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
940 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd, 950  
Prefence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submits: he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seeest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the Tree whose operation brings 960  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd 970  
The rigid interdiction, which refounds  
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

Not



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give ; as Lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
980 After thir kindes ; I bring them to receive  
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
With low subjection ; understand the same  
Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
Not hither summond, since they cannot change  
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
990 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd  
My sudder apprehension : but in these  
I found not what me thought I wanted still ;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.  
O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,  
Surpass'est farr my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
And all this good to man, for whose well being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal  
1000 Thou hast provided all things : but with mee  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?  
Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.  
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth

With

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

With various living creatures, and the Aire  
Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know, 1010  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.  
So spake the Univerfal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?

Among unequals what societie 1020

Can fort, what harmonic or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human comfort; they rejoyce  
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness; 1030  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
Worst then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
A nice and futtle happines I see  
Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice  
Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

1040 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessest  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all Eternitie, for none I know  
Second to mee or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferiour, infinite descents  
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
1050 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
1060 His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,  
In unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deere'st amitie.  
Thou in thy secrecie although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of Union or Communion, desir'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
1070 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.  
Thus

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,  
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike, 1080  
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd, 1090  
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth  
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
Of Fancie my internal fight, by which  
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape 1100  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd: (wound,  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
1110 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
1120 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseene,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd  
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.  
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
1130 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor envieft. I now see  
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe

Father

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,

Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won, 1140

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;

I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,

And happie Constellations on that houre  
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth 1150

Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires

Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr

On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought

My Storie to the sum of earthly blifs  
Which I enjoy, and must confesse to find 1160

In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,

Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,

Tranf

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

1170 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enough ; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward les exact.  
For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
1180 In outward also her resembling les  
His Image who made both, and les expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures ; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best ;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
1190 Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes ;  
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally ; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part ;

Do

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismis not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
1200  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
Then self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
1210  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
And to realities yeild all her shows;  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
1220  
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findest  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
1230  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among



Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.  
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love  
1240 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;  
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful then harmonious sound to the care.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variouly representing; yet still free  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
1250 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
Expresses they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happie, and without Love no happines.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
1260 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:

Easier

*Paradise lost.* Book 7.

Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperian* sets, my Signal to depart.

Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed least Passion sway  
Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.

1270

I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
Perfet within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

1280

So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

1290



PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK VIII.



NO more of talk where God or Angel  
Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, fami-  
liar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him  
partake

Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
10 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage  
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,  
Or *Neptun's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long  
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son;  
If answerable style I can obtaine 20  
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires  
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrise to dissect  
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights 30  
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights  
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;  
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40  
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,

Book 8, *Paradise lost.*

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.  
The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
50 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbitrer  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round :  
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats  
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
60 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd  
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
That kept thir watch ; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure ;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
70 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the  
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,  
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life ;  
In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid ; Sea he had searcht and Land  
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Mæotis*, up beyond the River *Ob* ;

Down-

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Downward as farr Antartic; and in length West from <i>Orontes</i> to the Ocean barr'd	80
At <i>Darien</i> , thence to the Land where flowes <i>Ganges</i> and <i>Indus</i> : thus the Orb he roam'd With narrow search; and with inspection deep Consider'd every Creature, which of all Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found The Serpent futtlest Beast of all the Field. Him after long debate, irresolute Of thoughts resolv'd, his final sentence chose Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom To enter, and his dark suggestions hide	90
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake, Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark, As from his wit and native futtletie Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r Active within beyond the sense of brute. Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:	
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built With second thoughts, reforming what was old!	100
For what God after better worse would build? Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps, Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems, In thee concentrating all thir precious beams Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou Centring receav'ft from all those Orbs; in thee, Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers	110
Pro-	

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walkt thee round  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,  
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crown'd,  
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
120 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreamc;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I finde ease  
130 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
In wo then; that destruction wide may range:  
To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days  
Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
140 Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the thron

Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
And to reape his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his feat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie  
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde  
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind  
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next

150

160

170

Provokes



Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

180 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
The Serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with futtle wiles :  
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
Fearless unfeard he slept : in at his Mouth  
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sence,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
190 With act intelligential ; but his sleep  
Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne  
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd  
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,  
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair  
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
200 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires :  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Thir growing work : for much thir work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.  
*Adam*, well may we labour still to drefs  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.

Our

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Our pleafant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advife  
Or hear what to my mind firft thoughts prefent,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where moft needs, whether to wind  
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
The clafping Ivie where to climb, while I  
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redrefs till Noon :  
For while fo near each other thus all day 220  
Our task we choofe, what wonder if fo near  
Looks intervene and fmiles, or object new  
Casual difcourfe draw on, which intermits  
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.  
Sole *Eve*, Associate fole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living Creatures deare,  
Well haft thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts employd  
How we might beft fulfill the work which here 230  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pafs  
Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, then to studie houfhold good,  
And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not fo ftrictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this fweet intercourfe

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

240 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd. (hands  
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt  
Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us : But if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.  
For solitude somtimes is best societie,  
250 And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me ; for thou knowst  
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
Envyng our happines, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault ; and somwhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
260 To other speedie aide might lend at need ;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no blifs  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more ;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.  
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
270 To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,

As

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

    Ospring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learne,  
And from the parting Angel over-heard  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

280

His violence thou fearest not, being such,  
As wee, not capable of death or paine,  
Can either not receive, or can repell.

His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;      (breast,  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy  
*Adam*, misthought of her to thee so dear?

    To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.

290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,  
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.

For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperfes  
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof

Against temptation : thou thy self with scorne  
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
Though ineffectual found : misdeem not then,

300

If such affront I labour to avert

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
310 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.  
So spake domestick *Adam* in his care  
And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought  
320 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.  
If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
Single with like defence, wherever met,  
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
330 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard  
By us? who rather double honour gaine  
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,  
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unaffaid  
Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
Let us not then suspect our happie State  
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single or combin'd.  
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

340

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.  
O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand  
Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
Of all that he Created, much les Man,  
Or ought that might his happie State secure,  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
Against his will he can receive no harme.  
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
Were better, and most likelie if from mee  
Thou sever not: Trial will come unfought.

350

360

Wouldst

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

370 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unfought may finde  
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,  
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence, relie  
On what thou hast of vertue, fummon all,  
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.  
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*  
Persisted, yet submis, though last, repli'd.  
380 With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least fought,  
May finde us both perhaps farr les prepar'd,  
The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,  
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
In gate surpafs'd and Goddess-like deport,  
390 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,  
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
Guiltles of fire had formd, or Angels brought.  
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,  
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,  
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Oft

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Oft he to her his charge of quick returne Repeated, thce to him as oft engag'd To be returned by Noon amid the Bowre, And all things in best order to invite Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose. O much deceav'd, much failing, haples <i>Eve</i> , Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! Thou never from that houre in Paradise Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose; Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades Waited with hellish rancor imminent To intercept thy way, or send thee back Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Blifs.	400
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend, Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come, And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde The onely two of Mankinde, but in them The whole included Race, his purposd prey. In Bowre and Field he fought, where any tuft Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay, Thir tendance or Plantation for delight, By Fountain or by shady Rivulet	410
He fought them both, but wish'd his hap might find <i>Eve</i> separate, he wish'd, but not with hope Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish, Beyond his hope, <i>Eve</i> separate he spies, Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood, Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round About her glowd, oft stooping to support Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though Carnation, Purple, Azure, or speck with Gold, (gay Hung drooping unsoftaind, them she upstaies	420
Gently	430



Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve* :  
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
440 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd  
*Alcinous*, host of old *Laertes* Son,  
Or that, not Mythic, where the Sapiant King  
Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.  
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
As one who long in populous City pent,  
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms  
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,  
450 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grasse, or Kine,  
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound ;  
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.  
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*  
Thus earlie, thus alone ; her Heav'nly forme  
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
460 Of gesture or left action overawd  
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :

That

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
Stupidly good, of enmitie difarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge ;  
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

470

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what  
Compulsion thus transported to forget (sweet  
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,  
I not ; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

480

490

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd

G g

In

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
500 Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes ;  
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grafs  
Floted redundant : pleasing was his shape,  
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd  
*Hermione* and *Cadmus*, or the God  
In *Epidaurus* ; nor to which transformd  
*Ammonion Jove*, or *Capitoline* was seen,  
510 Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore  
*Scipio* the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile ;  
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Train  
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
To lure her Eye ; shee busied heard the sound  
Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
520 To such disport before her through the Field,  
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood ;  
But as in gaze admiring : Oft he bowd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His

*Paradise lost.*      Book 8.

His gentle dumb expression turnd at length  
 The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

530

Wonder not, sovran Mistrefs, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Infatiate, I thus single, nor have feard  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd      (seen  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

540

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
 Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't  
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense express't?  
 The first at least of these I thought deni'd  
 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
 Created mute to all articulat found;  
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks

550

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

- 560 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
Thee, Serpent, futtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd ;  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in fight ?  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.  
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
Empres of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,  
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
- 570 What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be  
I was at first as other Beasts that graze (obeyd :  
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high :  
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddie and Gold : I nearer drew to gaze ;  
When from the boughes a favorie odour blow'n,
- 580 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats  
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
Not to deferr ; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
- 590 For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy

Thy utmost reach or <i>Adams</i> : Round the Tree All other Beasts that saw, with like desire Longing and envying stood, but could not reach. Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour At Feed or Fountain never had I found. Sated at length, ere long I might perceive Strange alteration in me, to degree Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech Wanted not long, though to this shape retaind. Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind Considerd all things visible in Heav'n, Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good; But all that fair and good in thy Divine Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray United I beheld; no Fair to thine Equivalent or second, which compel'd Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.	600
So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and <i>Eve</i> Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd. Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd: But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how For many are the Trees of God that grow (far? In Paradise, and various, yet unknown To us, in such abundance lies our choice, As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht, Still hanging incorruptible, till men	610           620
Grow	

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.  
Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept  
630 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire  
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
640 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitlefs to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
650 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that Command  
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die. (bold

660

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act  
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.

As when of old som Orator renound  
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addressd,  
Stood in himself collectd, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

670

O Sacred, Wife, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

680

To



Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

690 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?  
700 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:  
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eat thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
710 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht, (bring-  
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can  
And what are Gods that Man may not become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use

On

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

On our belief, that all from them proceeds ;  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see, 720  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing : If they all things, who enclos'd  
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wiſdom without their leave ? and wherein lies  
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know ?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
Impart againſt his will if all be his ?  
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
In heav'nly breſts ? theſe, theſe and many more 730  
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.  
He ended, and his words replete with guide  
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won :  
Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound  
Yet rung of his perſwaſive words, impregn'd  
With Reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with Truth ;  
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd 740  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell  
So ſavorie of that Fruit, which with deſire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,  
Sollicitated her longing eye ; yet firſt  
Pausing a while, thus to her ſelf ſhe muſ'd.  
Great are thy Vertues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits,  
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,  
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy  
Thy praife hee alſo who forbids thy uſe, (praife : 750  
H h Con-

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil ;  
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
By thee communicated, and our want :  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wife ?  
760 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom ? In the day we eate  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent ? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented ? or to us deni'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?  
For Beasts it seems : yet that one Beast which first  
770 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie ?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of vertue to make wise : what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind ?  
780 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her feat  
Sighing

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fansied so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought. 790  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating Death : Satiatè at length,  
 And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest  
 To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created ; but henceforth my early care, 800  
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all ;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;  
 Though others envie what they cannot give ;  
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide ; not following thee, I had remaind  
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
 And giv'ft access, though secret she retire. 810  
 And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,  
 High and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth ; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to *Adam* in what fort  
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happinefs with mee, or rather not,  
820 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undefireable, fosome  
Superior; for inferior who is free?  
This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
830 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
*Adam* shall share with me in blifs or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life.  
So faying, from the Tree her step she turnd,  
But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
That dwelt within, whose preface had infus'd  
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
840 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown  
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,  
Mifgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;  
And

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus address.

850

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
Thee I have mist, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I fought,  
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:

860

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wife,  
Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,  
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
Chiefly I fought, without thee can despise.

870

For

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

880 For blifs, as thou haft part, to me is blifs,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou therefore alfo taste, that equal Lot  
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love ;  
Least thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told ;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespass don by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
890 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd ;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed :  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
900 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote ?  
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n ! som cursed fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die ;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joynd,  
910 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn ?

Should

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd  
Submitting to what seemd remediless,  
Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.

920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,  
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd  
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.

But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;  
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaires to live as Man  
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attaine

930

Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
For us created, needs with us must faile,

940

Dependent



Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,  
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
Triumph and say ; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first  
950 He ruind, now Mankind ; whom will he next ?  
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
Confort with thee, Death is to mee as Life ;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;  
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
One Flesh ; to loose thee were to loose my self.  
960 So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high !  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
*Adam*, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both ; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
970 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented

This

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had bin known.  
Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

980

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so-enobl'd, as of choice to incurr  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate  
Her former trespasses fear'd, the more to soothe

990

1000

I i

Him

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Him with her lov'd societie, that now  
As with new Wine intoxicated both  
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel  
1010 Divinitie within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
Farr other operation first displaid,  
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*  
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, the him  
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning favour we apply,  
1020 And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
For never did thy Beautie since the day  
1030 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
Her hand he seisd, and to a shadie bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'd

He

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

He led her nothing loath ; Flours were the Couch,  
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040  
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland  
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep 1050  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with concious dreams  
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds  
How dark'nd ; innocence, that as a veile  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong 1060  
*Herculean Samson* from the Harlot-lap  
Of *Philisbean Dalilah*, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
Of all thir vertue : silent, and in face  
Confounded long they fate, as struck'n mute,  
Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,  
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.  
O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
False in our promis'd Rising ; since our Eyes 1070  
Op'nd

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
And in our Faces evident the signes  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
1080 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscur'd, where higheft Woods impenetrable  
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
1090 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together  
And girded on our loyns, may cover round (fowd,  
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,  
There fit not, and reproach us as unclean.  
So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
1100 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to *Indians* known

In

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes  
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between ;  
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman ſhunning heate  
Shelters in coole, and tends his paſturing Herds  
At Loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: Thoſe 1110  
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves  
And with what ſkill they had, together ſowd,  
To gird thir waſte, vain Covering if to hide  
Thir guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike  
To that firſt naked Glorie. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* ſo girt  
With featherd Cincture, naked elfe and wilde  
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir ſhame in part  
Coverd, but not at reſt or eaſe of Mind, 1120  
They ſate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worfe within  
Began to riſe, high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,  
Miſtruſt, Suspicion, Diſcord, and ſhook fore  
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once  
And full of Peace, now toſt and turbulent :  
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore, but in ſubjection now  
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneath  
Uſurping over ſovran Reaſon claimd 1130  
Superior ſway: From thus diſtemperd breſt,  
*Adam*, eſtrang'd in look and alterd ſtile,  
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou haſt heark'nd to my words, & ſtai'd  
With

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

With me, as I befought thee, when that strange  
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then  
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.

1140 Let none henceforth seek needles cause to approve  
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus  
What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe, (*Eve*.  
Imput'ft thou that to my default, or will  
Of wandering, as thou call'ft it, which who knows  
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,  
Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou bin there,  
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd

1150 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmitie between us known,  
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?

Too facil then thou didst not much gainfay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
1160 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst *Adam* repli'd.  
Is this the Love, is this the recompence  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal blifs,

Yet

*Paradise lost.* Book 8.

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee :  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold

1170

The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
That lay in wait ; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring

What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue

1180

That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule ; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

*The end of the Eighth Book.*

P A R A -





PARADISE  
LOST.

BOOK IX.



Meanwhile the hainous and despight-  
full act  
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and  
how  
Hee in the Serpent had perverted  
*Eve*,

10 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n ; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still! remem-  
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit, (ber'd  
Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast  
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondering how the suttle Fiend had stoln 20  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard, dim sadnes did not spare  
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pitie, violated not thir blifs.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befell : they towards the Throne Supream  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance, 30  
And easly approv'd ; when the most High  
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.  
Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,  
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40  
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no Decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free Will, to her own inclining left

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass  
On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,  
50 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or  
Easie it may be seen that I intend (Hell.  
60 Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,  
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.  
So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.  
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
70 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd  
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine  
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most

Them

*Paradise lost.*      Book 9.

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none      80  
 Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,  
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
*Eden* and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods      90  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes  
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low (wing'd.  
 From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both      (coole  
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
 Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among      100  
 The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
 Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
 He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first  
 To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;      110

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.  
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

120 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoyc't, how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* fore beset repli'd.

O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,  
130 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint; but strict necessitie  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Least on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.  
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
140 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;

Shee

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
Hers in all real dignitie : Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

150

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few :  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done ?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing foone, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

160

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.  
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transerre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation ; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature : more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

170

Because

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

180 Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field ;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed ;  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verif'd  
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire ; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
190 The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception ; Children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which (Wife,  
200 I charg'd thee, saying : Thou shalt not eat thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life ;  
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day 210  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now  
As Father of his Familie he clad

Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies: 220

Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteoufness,  
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.

To him with swift ascent he up returnd,  
Into his blisful bosom reassum'd

In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
Within the Gates of Hell fate Sin and Death, 230

In counterview within the Gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
Idly, while Satan our great Author thrives  
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
For us his offspring deare? It cannot be

But



Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
By his Avenger, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
Beyond this Deep ; whatever drawes me on,  
Or sympathy, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
250 With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along :  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
260 Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.  
Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.  
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
270 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The favour of Death from all things there that live :  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

Be

*Paradise lost.*      Book 9.

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd  
With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.  
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,

280

Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.  
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark  
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Toft up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.

290

As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond *Petfora* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge  
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

300

L 1

Im-

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
*Xerxes*, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,  
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellepont*  
310 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, (waves.  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare  
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
320 And durable; and now in little space  
The Confines met of *Empyrean* Heav'n  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three severall wayes  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
*Satan* in likeness of an Angel bright  
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering  
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:  
330 Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear  
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk  
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd  
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd 340  
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire  
Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood  
Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot  
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.  
Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight 350  
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy increas'd.  
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine  
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect: (own,  
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,  
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy 360  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt (looks  
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet  
That I must after thee with this thy Son; (felt  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

370 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyfs.  
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
380 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by th' Empyreall bounds,  
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.  
Whom thus the Prince of Darknes answerd glad.  
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore  
390 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm  
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darknes, on your Rode with ease  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these succeses, and with them rejoyce,  
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;

There

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

There dwell & Reign in blifs, thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercife and in the Aire, 400  
Chiefly on Man, fole Lord of all declar'd,  
Him firft make fure your thrall, and laftly kill.  
My Subftitutes I fend ye, and Create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchlefs might  
Ifſuing from mee : on your joynt vigor now  
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell  
No detriment need feare, goe and be ftrong.  
So faying he difmifs'd them, they with ſpeed 410  
Thir courſe through thickeſt Conſtellations held  
Spreading thir bane ; the blaſted Starrs lookt wan,  
And Planets, Planet-ftrook, real Eclips  
Then ſufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down  
The Cauſey to Hell Gate ; on either ſide  
Diſparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,  
And with rebounding furge the barrs affaild,  
That ſcorn'd his indignation : through the Gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* paſs'd,  
And all about found defolate ; for thoſe 420  
Appointed to fit there, had left thir charge,  
Flown to the upper World ; the reſt were all  
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud ſeate  
Of *Lucifer*, ſo by alluſion calld,  
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.  
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the  
In Council fate, ſollicitous what chance (Grand  
Might intercept thir Emperour ſent, ſo hee  
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd. 430  
As

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe  
By *Abracan* over the Snowie Plains  
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes  
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat  
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
440 Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
In shew plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end  
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
He fate, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
450 And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng  
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy  
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention won.  
460 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-  
For in possession such, not onely of right, (ers,  
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd

Succes-

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
And Dungeon of our Tyrant : Now possess,  
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine 470  
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march ; but I  
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
Th' untractable Abyffe, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,  
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare 480  
Protesting Fate supream ; thence how I found  
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happie : Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an Apple ; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved Man and all his World, 490  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather

Mec



Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceav'd : that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and Mankinde ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :  
500 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance : What remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Thir univerfal shout and high applause  
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal univerfal his, the sound  
Of public scorn ; he wonderd, but not long  
570 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more ;  
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
Each other, till supplantd down he fell  
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power  
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
According to his doom : he would have spoke,  
But his for his returnd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
520 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
To his bold Riot : dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters, head and taile,  
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,  
*Cerastes* hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,  
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil

Bedropt



Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

560 Climbing, fat thicker then the snakie locks  
 That curld *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd  
 The Frutage fair to fight, like that which grew  
 Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
 VVith spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
 VVith hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
 570 VVith soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man (plagu'd  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they  
 And worn with Famin, long and ceaseles his,  
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduct.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
 580 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld  
*Ophion* with *Eurynome*, the wide-  
 Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n  
 And *Ops*, ere yet *DiEean Jove* was born.  
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 590 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,  
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though  
With travail difficult, not better farr (earnd  
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have fate watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600  
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours  
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
No homely morfels, and whatever thing  
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruccion to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almightye seeing,  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder VVorld, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620  
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his Adherents, that with so much ease

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yeilded up to their misrule ;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
630 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh  
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling (burst  
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last  
Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jaws.  
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine :  
640 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.  
Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud  
Sung *Halleluia*, as the found of Seas,  
Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works ;  
Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,  
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
650 His mightie Angels gave them severall charge,  
As sorted best with present things. The Sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call

Decrepit

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Decrepid Winter, from the South to bring  
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*,  
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne 660  
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they fet  
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense  
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670  
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun  
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n  
*Atlantick* Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins  
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine  
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,  
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change  
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680  
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
To recompence his distance, in thir fight  
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known  
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow  
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr

Beneath

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit  
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else how had the World  
690 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?  
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
Like change on Sea and Land, sidental blast,  
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud  
700 And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;  
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* VVindes  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libecchio*. Thus began  
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first  
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
710 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,  
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw  
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end  
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
Of happines: yet well, if here would end  
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare  
My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,  
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply,*

720

Now death to heare! for what can I encrease  
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?  
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks  
Shall be the execration; so besides

730

Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee  
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
On mee as on thir natural center light  
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
Concurd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resigne, and render back  
All I receav'd, unable to performe

740

Thy

750



Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I fought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd :  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
760 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not :  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But Natural necessity begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
770 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne :  
O welcom hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
780 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To mee and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living Death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790  
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?  
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself 800  
Impossible is held, as Argument  
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,  
For angers sake, finite to infinite  
In punish't man, to satisfie his rigour  
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend  
His Sentence beyond duft and Natures Law,  
By which all Causes else according still  
To the reception of thir matter act,  
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie 810  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution

N n

On

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

On my defenseless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonic  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
820 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited how would ye blest  
Me now your Curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
Not to do onely, but to will the same  
With me? how can they acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes  
Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain  
830 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still  
But to my own conviction: first and last  
On mee, mee onely, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou sup-  
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear, (part  
Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
840 Beyond all past example and future,  
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.  
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!  
Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
Whol-

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
Which to his evil Conscience represented  
All things with double terror: On the ground 850  
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardie execution, since denounc't

The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice Divine not haft'n to be just?  
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowsrs, 860  
VVith other echo late I taught your Shades  
To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
VVhom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,  
Desolate where she fate, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
And wandring vanitie, when left was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

880 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wife,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
890 With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,  
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
900 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind  
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound  
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To Humane life, and household peace confound.  
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
910 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

And tresses all disorderd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

ForfAKE me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappilie deceav'd ; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920  
My onely strength and stay : forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
As joynd in injuries, one enmitie  
Against a Foe by doom exprefs assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent : On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
On me already lost, mee then thy self  
More miserable ; both have sin'd, but thou 930  
Against God onely, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgement will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought  
Commiseration ; soon his heart relented 940  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,

Crea-

Book 9. *Paradise Lost.*

Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide ;  
As one disfarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
950 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine  
His full wrath whose thou feelst as yet left part,  
And my displeasure beart so ill. If Prayers  
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
960 In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
Each others burden in our share of woe ;  
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evil,  
A long days dying to augment our paine,  
And to our Seed (O haples Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.  
*Adam*, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
970 Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide

What

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devourd 980  
By Death at last, and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring  
Into this cursed World a woful Race,  
That after wretched Life must be at last  
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power  
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent  
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, Childless remaine :  
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two 990  
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be miserie  
And torment less then none of what we dread,  
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000  
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply  
With our own hands his Office on our selves ;  
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction



Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.  
1010 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive minde  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

*Eve*, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee somthing more sublime  
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For los of life and pleasure overlov'd.

1020 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death  
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
Som safer resolution, which methinks  
1030 I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and favours onely  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee 1050  
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
O o Some

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish  
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr -  
 1070 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down  
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,  
 Which might supplie the Sun : such Fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedie or cure  
 1080 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 1090 VVatering the ground, and with our sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 VVhen angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 VVhat else but favor, grace, and mercie shon ?  
 So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*  
 Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place

Re-

*Paradise lost.* Book 9.

Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confes'd  
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
VVatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

1100

*The End of the Ninth Book.*

O o 2 P A R A -



P A R A D I S E  
L O S T.

BOOK X.



Hus they in lowliest plight repentant  
stood  
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat  
above  
Prevenient Grace descending had re-  
mov'd

The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port  
Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
10 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair  
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine  
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers  
Flew

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Flew up, nor misd the way, by envious windes  
Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they pasd  
Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
By thir great Intercessor, came in fight  
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began. 20

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
And Prayers, which in this Golden Center, mixt  
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed  
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those  
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare 30

To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray let me,  
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate  
And propitiation, all his works on mee  
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in mee from these receive  
The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee  
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and blifs,  
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain,

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Obtain, all thy request was my Decree :  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids :  
50 Those pure immortal Elements that know  
No grofs, no unharmonious mixture foule,  
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a diftemper, grofs to aire as grofs,  
And mortal food, as may difpofe him beft  
For diffolution wrought by Sin, that firft  
Diftemperd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at firft with two fair gifts  
Created him endowd, with Happinefs  
And Immortalitie : that fondly loft,  
60 This other ferv'd but to eternize woe ;  
Till I provided Death ; fo Death becomes  
His final remedie, and after Life  
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By Faith and faithful works, to fecond Life,  
Wak't in the renovation of the juft,  
Refignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.  
But let us call to Synod all the Bleft  
Through Heav'ns wide bounds ; from them I will not  
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide  
70 As how with peccant Angels late they faw ;  
And in thir ftate, though firm, ftood more confirmd.  
He ended, and the Son gave fignal high  
To the bright Minifter that watchd, hee blew  
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* fince perhaps  
When God defcended, and perhaps once more  
To found at general Doom. Th' Angelic blaft  
Filld all the Regions : from thir blifful Bows  
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,

By

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

By the waters of Life, where ere they fate  
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light  
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream  
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will.

80

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him, longer then they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And fend him from the Garden forth to Till  
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

90

*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession som new trouble raise:  
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce  
To them and to thir Progenie from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint  
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears

100

110

Bewail-



Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale  
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the East side of the Garden place,  
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,  
 120 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,  
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.  
 He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape  
 130 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those  
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,  
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed  
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the World with sacred Light  
*Leucothea* wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd  
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*  
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt,  
 140 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.  
*Eve*, easily may Faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends  
 But

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
So prevalent as to concerne the mind  
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,  
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne  
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught  
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease, 150  
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,  
Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
Bending his eare; persuasion in me grew  
That I was heard with favour; peace returnd  
Home to my brest, and to my memorie  
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;  
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,  
*Eve* rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind, 160  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
Ill worthie I such title should belong  
To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind  
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't  
The source of life; next favourable thou, 170  
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf't,  
Farr other name deserving. But the Field  
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
Though after sleeplefs Night; for see the Morn,  
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where our days work lies, though now enjoind  
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?  
180 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.  
So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate  
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest  
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,  
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;  
190 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.  
*Adam* observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.  
O *Eve*, some furdur change awaits us nigh,  
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
Us haply too secure of our discharge  
From penaltie, because from death releast  
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,  
200 And thither must return and be no more.  
VVhy else this double object in our sight  
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground  
One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light  
More orient in yon VVestern Cloud that draws  
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,

And

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt, 210  
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw  
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright ;  
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appear'd  
In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,  
Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize  
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,  
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch 220

In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise  
Possession of the Garden ; hee alone,  
To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,  
Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,  
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determin, or impose  
New Laws to be observ'd ; for I descrie  
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate 230  
None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestic  
Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
He ended ; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

240 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
 Clad to meet Man ; over his lucid Armes  
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd  
 Livelier than *Melibæan*, or the graine  
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old  
 In time of Truce ; *Iris* had dipt the wooff ;  
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
 In Manhood where Youth ended ; by his side  
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,  
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.  
*Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State  
 250 Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.  
*Adam*, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs :  
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seifure many dayes  
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime ;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 260 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.  
 He added not, for *Adam* at the newes  
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound ; *Eve*, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.  
 O unexpected stroke, worfe then of Death !  
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise ? thus leave  
 270 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,

Fit

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,  
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke  
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire  
Les's pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

280

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.  
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;  
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

290

*Adam* by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the Higheft, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,

300

Depar-

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and onely consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
310 To wearie him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute Decree  
No more availes then breath against the winde,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd  
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd  
Prefence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
320 On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree  
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful Altars I would reare  
Of grassie Terse, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
330 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd  
To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.  
To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.

*Adam,*

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,  
Not this Rock onely ; his Omnipresence fills  
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd :  
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
Of Paradise or *Eden* : this had been  
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred  
All generations, and had hither come  
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.  
But this præminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons :  
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine  
God is as here, and will be found alike  
Present, and of his presence many a signe  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodnes and paternal Love, his Face  
Expres, and of his steps the track Divine.  
Which that thou mayst beleve, and be confirmd,  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes  
To thee and to thy Offspring ; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
With sinfulness of Men ; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
By moderation either state to beare,  
Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

340

350

360

This



Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

This Hill ; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'ft,  
 As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd.  
 370 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
 Thou lead'ft me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chaf'tning, to the evil turne  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom  
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God : It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 380 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleereft Ken  
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.  
 His Eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls  
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*  
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,  
 390 To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence  
 To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*  
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where  
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since  
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turcheistan*-born ; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the lesf Maritime Kings

*Mombaza*

*Paradise lost.*      Book 10.

<p><i>Mombaza</i>, and <i>Quiloa</i>, and <i>Melind</i>,          And <i>Sofala</i> thought <i>Opbir</i>, to the Realme          Of <i>Congo</i>, and <i>Angola</i> fardest South ;          Or thence from <i>Niger</i> Flood to <i>Atlas</i> Mount          The Kingdoms of <i>Almansor</i>, <i>Fez</i> and <i>Sus</i>,  <i>Marocco</i> and <i>Algiers</i>, and <i>Tremifén</i> ;          On <i>Europe</i> thence, and where <i>Rome</i> was to fway          The VVorld: in Spirit perhaps he also saw          Rich <i>Mexico</i> the feat of <i>Motexume</i>,          And <i>Cusco</i> in <i>Peru</i>, the richer feat          Of <i>Atabalipa</i>, and yet unspoil'd</p>	<p>400</p>
<p><i>Guiana</i>, whose great Citie <i>Geryons</i> Sons          Call <i>El Dorado</i> : but to nobler fights  <i>Michael</i> from <i>Adams</i> eyes the Filme remov'd          VVhich that false Fruit that promis'd clearer fight          Had bred ; then purg'd with <i>Euphrasie</i> and <i>Rue</i>          The vifual Nerve, for he had much to see ;          And from the VVell of Life three drops infill'd.          So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,          Eevn to the inmost feat of mental fight,          That <i>Adam</i> now enforc't to clofe his eyes,          Sunk down and all his Spirits became intrant :</p>	<p>410</p> <p>420</p>
<p>But him the gentle Angel by the hand          Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.  <i>Adam</i>, now ope thine eyes, and first behold          Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought          In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd          Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,          Nor sinn'd thy fin, yet from that fin derive          Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.</p>	<p>430</p>
<p>His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,          Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves</p>	<p>430</p>

Book 10. *Paradise Lost.*

New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds ;  
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
Rustic, of grassie ford ; thither anon  
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought  
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a Shepherd next  
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid  
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
440 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame ;  
The others not, for his was not sincere ;  
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale  
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.  
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.  
450 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd ;  
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid ?  
T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.  
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
Out of thy loyns ; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
For envie that his Brothers Offering found  
From Heav'n acceptance ; but the bloodie Fact  
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
460 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.  
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !  
But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance than within.

470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-houfe it seemd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies

480

Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes  
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,  
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,  
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
Dropxies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't  
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears

490

Q q 2

A

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n  
500 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
Th' Image of God in man created once  
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,  
To such unfightly sufferings be debas't  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still Divine similitude

510 In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Makers Image fake exempt?

Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then  
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.  
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,  
Disfiguring not Gods likenes, but thir own,  
Or if his likenes, by themselves defac't  
520 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they  
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yeild it just, said *Adam*, and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe  
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight, 530  
Till many years over thy head return :  
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease  
Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature :  
This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
To witherd weak & gray ; thy Senses then (change  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,  
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540  
A melancholly damp of cold and dry  
To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong  
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him repli'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate ; but what thou livst  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n : 550  
And now prepare thee for another fight.

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon  
Were Tents of various hue ; by some were herds  
Of Cattel grazing : others, whence the sound  
Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of Harp and Organ ; and who moovd  
Thir stops and chords was seen : his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high

Fled

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

560 Fled and purfu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.  
In other part ſtood one who at the Forge  
Labouring, two maſſie clods of Iron and Braſs  
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire  
Had waſted woods on Mountain or in Vale,  
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
To ſom Caves mouth, or whether waſht by ſtream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind  
Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd  
Firſt his own Toolles ; then, what might elſe be  
Fuil or grav'n in mettle. After theſe, (wrought  
570 But on the hether ſide a different fort  
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir  
Down to the Plain deſcended : by thir guiſe (Seat,  
Juſt men they ſeemd, and all thir ſtudy bent  
To worſhip God aright, and know his works  
Not hid, nor thoſe things loſt which might preſerve  
Freedom and Peace to men : they on the Plain  
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold  
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay  
In Gems and wanton drefs ; to the Harp they ſung  
580 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on :  
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe ;  
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star  
Loves Harbinger appeerd ; then all in heat  
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then firſt to marriage Rites invok't ;  
With Feaſt and Muſick all the Tents reſound.  
Such happy interview and fair event  
590 Of love & youth not loſt, Songs, Garlands, Flours,  
And

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.

Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;  
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd  
Of Goddeses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Womans domestic honour and chief praise;  
Bred onely and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,  
To dresse, and trouble the Tongue, and roule the Eye.

To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame  
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles

Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,  
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh; for which

The

600

610

620



Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

The world ere long a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.

O pittie and shame, that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread

Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!

But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

630 From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.  
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread

Before him, Towns, and rural works between,

Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,

Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,

Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;

640 Part wield thir Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,  
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd

Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood;

One way a Band select from forage drives

A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine

From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,

Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,

Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,

But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;

With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;

Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies

650 With Carcasses and Arms th' enfanguind Field  
Deserted: Others to a Citie strong

Lay Siege, encamp; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,

Affaulting; others from the Wall defend

With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulphurous Fire;

On

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call  
To Council in the Citie Gates : anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,  
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last  
Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,  
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
And Judgement from above : him old and young  
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
Unseen amid the throng : so violence  
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.  
*Adam* was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turnd full sad ; O what are these,  
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew  
His Brother ; for of whom such massacher  
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men ?  
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost ?  
To whom thus *Michael* ; These are the product  
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st ;  
Where good with bad were matcht, who of them-  
Abhor to joyn ; and by imprudence mixt, (selves  
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown ;  
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd ;

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
690 Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,  
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The onely righteous in a World perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With Foes for daring single to be just,  
700 And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of blifs,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.  
He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;  
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,  
710 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,  
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire  
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.  
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft  
Frequented thir Assemblies, wherefo met,  
Triumphs

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd  
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls 720  
In prifon under Judgements imminent :  
But all in vain : which when he faw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off ;  
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
Began to build a Veffel of huge bulk,  
Meafur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,  
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the fide a dore  
Contriv'd, and of provifions laid in large  
For Man and Beaft : when loe a wonder ftrange !  
Of everie Beaft, and Bird, and Infeft fmall 730  
Came feavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught  
Thir order ; laft the Sire, and his three Sons  
With thir four Wives ; and God made faft the dore.  
Meanwhile the Southwind rofe, & with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n ; the Hills to their fupplie  
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moift,  
Sent up amain ; and now the thick'nd Skie  
Like a dark Ceeling flood ; down rufh'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth 740  
No more was feen ; the floating Veffel fwum  
Uplifted ; and feure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings elfe  
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp  
Deep under water rould ; Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without shoar ; and in thir Palaces  
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monfters whelp'd  
And ftabl'd ; of Mankind, fo numerous late,  
All left, in one fmall bottom fwum imbark't.  
How didft thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold 750

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

The end of all thy Ofspring, end fo fad,  
Depopulation; thee another Floud,  
Of tears and forrow a Floud thee alfo drown'd,  
And funk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou floodft at laft,  
Though comfortlefs, as when a Father mourns  
His Childern, all in view deftroyd at once;  
And fcarce to th' Angel utterdft thus thy plaint.

760 O Vifions ill forefeen! better had I  
Liv'd ignorant of future, fo had borne  
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot  
Enough to bear; thofe now, that were difpenft  
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,  
With thought that they muft be. Let no man feek  
Henceforth to be foretold what fhall befall  
Him or his Childern, evil he may be fure,  
770 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
And hee the future evil fhall no lefs  
In apprehenfion then in fubftance feel  
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paff,  
Man is not whom to warne: thofe few efcap't  
Famin and anguifh will at laft confume  
Wandering that watrie Defert: I had hope  
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,  
All would have then gon well, peace would have  
With length of happy days the race of man; (crownd  
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I fee  
780 Peace to corrupt no lefs then Warr to wafte.  
How comes it thus? unfould, Celeftial Guide,  
And whether here the Race of man will end.

To

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

To whom thus *Michael*, Those whom last thou sawst  
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste  
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby  
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth, 790  
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
Raife out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.  
The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr  
Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose  
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd  
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide  
Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale  
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear 800  
More then enough, that temperance may be tri'd:  
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
One Man except, the onely Son of light  
In a dark Age, against example good,  
Against allurement, custom, and a World  
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteoufness, how much more safe, 810  
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come  
On thir impenitence; and shall returne  
Of them derided, but of God observd  
The one just Man alive; by his command  
Shall

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
To save himself and household from amidst  
A World devote to univerfal rack.  
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast  
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
820 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts  
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre  
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep  
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd  
Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
830 And there take root an Iland salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.  
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Driv'n by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decal'd;  
840 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glasse  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had  
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut. (stopt  
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
Fast

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Faſt on the top of ſom high mountain fixt.  
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer ;  
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde. 850  
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,  
And after him, the furer meſſenger,  
A Dove ſent forth once and agen to ſpie  
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;  
The ſecond time returning, in his Bill  
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific ſigne :  
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke  
The ancient Sire deſcends with all his Train ;  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds 860  
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
Conſpicuous with three liſted colours gay,  
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erſt ſo ſad  
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.  
O thou that future things canſt repreſent  
As preſent, Heav'nly inſtructor, I revive  
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that Man ſhall live  
With all the Creatures, and thir ſeed preſerve.  
Farr leſs I now lament for one whole World 870  
Of wicked Sons deſtroyd, then I rejoyce  
For one Man found ſo perſet and ſo juſt,  
That God voutfaſes to raiſe another World  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But ſay, what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in Heavn,  
Diſtended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
Or ſerve they as a flourie verge to binde  
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watrie Cloud,  
Leaſt it again diſſolve and ſhowr the Earth? To





Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

880 To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,  
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,  
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a Covenant never to destroy  
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World  
890 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings  
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set  
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,  
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost  
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.  
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
900 Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine  
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:  
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second four of Men, while yet but few;  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,  
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,  
910 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,  
Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast  
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeferv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth; 920  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;  
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
With him or under him to tyrannize, 930  
Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde  
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
And get themselves a name, least far dispers'd  
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks 940  
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower

S f

Obstruēt

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Obstruct Heav'n Towers, and in derision sets  
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise  
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders ; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
950 As mockt they storm ; great laughter was in Heav'n  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
And hear the din ; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
    Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.  
O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n :  
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold  
960 By his donation ; but Man over men  
He made not Lord ; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
Stays not on Man ; to God his Tower intends  
Siege and defiance : Wretched man ! what food  
Will he convey up thither to sustain  
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire  
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread ?  
970 To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'ft  
That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Libertie ; yet know withall,  
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie

Is

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells  
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords ;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom : Tyrannie must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,  
Thir inward lost : Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heaveie curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes ; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes ;  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring :  
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship ; O that men

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Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 1010 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes  
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre  
 His benediction so, that in his Seed  
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
 1020 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile  
*Ur of Chaldaea*, passing now the Ford  
 To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine  
 Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;  
 1030 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)  
 From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,  
 Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare  
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founded stream  
*Jordan*, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.  
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth

Shall

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Shall in his Seed be blessed ; by that Seed  
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpents head ; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown ;  
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs  
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile* ;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes  
Into the Sea : to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a yonger Son  
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
Raife him to be the second in that Realme  
Of *Pharao* : there he dies, and leaves his Race  
Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them  
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males : (slaves  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime  
His people from enthralment, they return  
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.  
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
To know thir God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire ;  
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,  
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,

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Botches

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Botches and blaines must all his flesh imbos,  
And all his people ; Thunder mixt with Haile,  
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie  
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls ;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,  
A darksome Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
1080 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes ;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
This River-Dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
As on drie land between two christal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
1090 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar :  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thir journey, and remove  
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues :  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch ;  
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud  
1100 God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thir Chariot wheels : when by command  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends

Over

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Over the Sea ; the Sea his Rod obeys ;  
On thir imbattell'd ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thir Warr : the Race elect  
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance  
Through the wilde Defert, not the readiest way,  
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarm'd  
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare  
Return them back to *Egypt*, choos'ing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrai'd in Armes, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thir delay  
In the wide Wilder'ness, there they shall found  
Thir government, and thir great Senate choofe  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:  
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets found  
Ordaine them Lawes ; part such as appertaine  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadowes, of that destin'd Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve  
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal eare is dreadful ; they beseech  
That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
And terror cease ; he grants them thir desire,  
Instru'cted that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
*Moses* in figure beares, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times

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Of



Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell :.  
1140 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these  
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,  
Save when they journie, and at length they come,  
1150 Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest  
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,  
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,  
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,  
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,  
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third  
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him  
1160 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.  
Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
Enlightner of my darknes, gracious things  
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne  
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde  
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom  
Of

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Of mee and all Mankind ; but now I see  
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who fought  
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means. 1170  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth  
So many and so various Laws are giv'n ;  
So many Laws argue so many sins

Among them ; how can God with such reside ?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
And therefore was Law given them to evince  
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight ; that when they see 1180  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,

The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live. 1190

So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God

T t

Highly

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

1200 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;  
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jefus* call,  
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adverfarie Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt thir public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
 1210 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
 The second, both for pietie renownd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock  
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust  
 1220 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense  
 1230 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,

Thir

*Paradise lost.*      Book 10.

<p>Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark          With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey          To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st          Left in confusion, <i>Babylon</i> thence call'd.          There in captivitie he lets them dwell          The space of seventie years, then brings them back,          Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn          To <i>David</i>, stablish't as the dayes of Heav'n.          Returnd from <i>Babylon</i> by leave of Kings          Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God</p>	1240
<p>They first re-edifie, and for a while          In mean estate live moderate, till grown          In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;          But first among the Priests dissension springs,          Men who attend the Altar, and should most          Endeavour Peace : thir strife pollution brings          Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise          The Scepter, and regard not <i> Davids</i> Sons,          Then loose it to a stranger, that the true          Anointed King <i>Messiah</i> might be born</p>	1250
<p>Barr'd of his right ; yet at his Birth a Starr          Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,          And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire          His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold ;          His place of birth a solemn Angel tells          To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night ;          They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire          Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung.          A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire          The Power of the most High ; he shall ascend</p>	1260
<p>The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign          With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.</p>	

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,  
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
What oft my steddiefst thoughts have searcht in  
Why our great expectation should be call'd (vain,  
1270 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes  
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
Of God most High; So God with man unites.  
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
Expect with mortal paine: say where and when  
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,  
As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son  
1280 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
Thy enimie; nor so is overcome  
*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works  
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,  
1290 The penaltie to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
Both by obedience and by love, though love

Alone

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Alone fulfill the Law ; thy punishment  
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
To a reproachful life and curf'd death,  
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits 1300  
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd  
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross  
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life ;  
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankinde, with him there crucif'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction ; so he dies, 1310  
But soon revives, Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace  
By Faith not void of workes : this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act 1320  
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,  
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings  
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.

Nor

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer  
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
1330 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve  
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.  
All Nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines  
1340 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons  
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world ;  
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the aire  
Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprife  
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines  
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave ;  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence shall come,  
1350 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,  
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receive them into blifs,  
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.  
So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,  
As at the Worlds great period ; and our Sire  
Replete

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense! 1360

That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful  
Then that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness ! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin

By mee done and occasion'd, or rejoyce  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall  
To God more glory, more good will to Men (spring,  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n 1370

Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth ; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend ? will they not deale  
Worf with his followers then with him they dealt ?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel ; but from Heav'n

Hee to his own a Comforter will send,

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith 1380

Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth, and also arme

With spiritual Armour, able to resist

*Satans* assaults, and quench his fierie darts ,

What Man can do against them, not affraid,

Though to the death, against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompenc't,

And oft supported so as shall amaze

Thir proudest persecuters : for the Spirit

Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends

To evangelize the Nations, then on all 1390

Baptiz'd,



Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n : at length  
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,  
They die ; but in thir room, as they forewarne,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
1400 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To thir own vile advantages shall turne  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left onely in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places and titles, and with these to joine  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
1410 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
To all Beleevers ; and from that pretense,  
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience ; Lawes which none shall finde  
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde  
His confort Libertie ; what, but unbuild  
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
Thir own Faith not anothers : for on Earth  
1420 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
Infallible ? yet many will presume :  
Whence heavie persecution shall arise

On

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and Truth ; the rest, farr greater part,  
Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes  
Religion fatisf'd ; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
Rarely be found : so shall the World goe on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,  
Under her own waight groaning, till the day  
Appeer of respiration to the just, 1430  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
*Satan* with his perverted World, then raise  
From the conflagrant mafs, purg'd and refin'd,  
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date 1440  
Founded in righteousnes and peace and love,  
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Blifs.  
He ended ; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,  
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyfs,  
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe ; 1450  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,  
And love with feare the onely God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
1460 By simply meek ; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victorie,  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life ;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd :  
This having learnt, thou hast attaind the summe  
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the Starrs  
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
1470 Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,  
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,  
And all the rule, one Empire ; onely add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
1480 Of Speculation ; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the Guards,  
By mee encamp't on yonder Hill, expect  
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
We may no longer stay : go, waken *Eve* ;  
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd

Portending

*Paradise lost.* Book 10.

Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
 To meek submission : thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know, 1490  
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
 (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.  
 That ye may live, which will be many dayes,  
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill ;  
 Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receav'd. 1500

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know ;  
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Prefaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
 VVearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;  
 In mee is no delay ; with thee to goe,  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to mee  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 VVho for my wilful crime art banisht hence. 1510  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence ; though all by mee is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthie am voutfast,  
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
 VVell pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh  
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
 To thir fixt Station, all in bright array

The

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

1520 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet ; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate Clime ; whereat  
In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
1530 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plaine ; then disappear'd.  
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes :  
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon ;  
The World was all before them, where to choose  
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide :  
1540 They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

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*THE END.*

## APPENDIX.

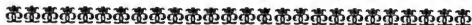
- I. FACSIMILE OF THE PRINTER'S ADDRESS TO THE READER ;  
THE ARGUMENT TO THE TEN BOOKS; APOLOGY FOR  
THE VERSE, AND ERRATA.
- II. A MONOGRAPH ON THE FIRST EDITION OF PARADISE  
LOST.



*The Printer to the Reader.*

**C**ourteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

*S. Simmons.*



THE  
ARGUMENT:

Of the  
FIRST BOOK.



He first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't*: Then touches the *prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep*. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) *but in a place of utter dark nesse, filliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunderstruck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up*

*A 2*

*him*



## The Argument.

*him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him ; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded ; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecie or report in Heaven ; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophecie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep : The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.*

Of the

## SECOND BOOK.

**T***He Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equall or not much inferiour to themselves about this time to be created : Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage,*  
*is*

## The Argument.

*is honourd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them severall wayes & to severall employments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

Of the

## THIRD BOOK

**G**od sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and VVisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Fa-  
ther

## The Argument.

*ther accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lybbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel? and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.*

Of the

## FOURTH BOOK.

*S*Atan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satan's first  
fight

## The Argument,

*sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work thir fall; overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, lest the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

Of the

## FIFTH BOOK.

**M**Orning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning

## The Argument.

*ing Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

Of the

## SIXTH BOOK.

**R**aphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had

## The Argument.

*had refer'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening they leap down with horreur and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.*

Of the  
**SEVENTH BOOK.**

**R**aphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this World was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven. Adam then inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

# The Argument

Of the

## EIGHTH BOOK.

**S**Atan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to thir labours, wh c h Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart : Adam consents not, ll dging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone : Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength ; Adam at last yields : The Serpent finds her alone ; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now ; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both : Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden : The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat ; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof : Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her ; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit : The Effects thereof

## The Argument

*thereof in them both; they seek to cover thir nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.*

Of the

## NINTH BOOK.

**M**Ans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death fitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathetic feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to taste of the Fruit,



## The Argument.

*chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: Then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.*

Of the

## TENTH BOOK

**T**He Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: The Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood; thence from the Flood relates, and

## The Argument.

*and by degrees explains, who that Seed of the Woman shall be; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.*

THE

## THE VERSE.

**T**He Measure is *English* Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of *Homer* in *Greek*, and of *Virgil* in *Latin*; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have express't them. Not without cause therefore some both *Italian* and *Spanish* Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both  
in

*The Verse.*

in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best *English* Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in *English*, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

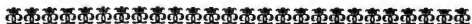
*ERRA-*



## ERRATA.

- L** ib. 1. Verf. 25. for *th' Eternal*, Read *Eternal*.  
Lib. 1. V. 409. for *Heronaim*, r. *Horonaim*.  
Lib. 1. V. 758. for *and Band* r. *Band and*.  
Lib. 1. V. 760. for *hundreds* r. *bunderds*.  
Lib. 2. V. 414. for *we* r. *wee*.  
Lib. 2. V. 881. for *great* r. *grate*.  
Lib. 3. V. 760. for *with* r. *in*.  
Lib. 5. V. 193. for *breath* r. *breatbe*.  
Lib. 5. V. 598. for *whofeop* r. *whofe top*.  
Lib. 5. V. 656. for *more Heaven* r. *more in Heaven*.  
Lib. 6. V. 184. for *bleffed* r. *bleft*.  
Lib. 6. V. 215. for *founder* r. *fo under*.  
Lib. 10. V. 575. for *loft* r. *laft*.

Other literal faults the Reader of himfelf may Correct.





A MONOGRAPH ON THE FIRST EDITION  
OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.



PECULIAR interest always attaches to the *Editio Princeps* or first printed edition, issued under the author's superintendence and inspection, of any work that has become classical. Not only was this the form in which his book was first given to the world, but it is, in many cases, the only safeguard against later corruptions of the text—against the blundering of printers and the caprice of editors. Of the great masterpieces of English literature, whether of early or recent date, there is scarcely one that has not suffered, more or less, from such causes. Out of the innumerable editions of Shakespeare, Bacon, Izaak Walton, Milton, Bunyan and De Foe, scarcely one in ten offers a text of the least reliability. This gradual falsification and corruption has been peculiarly the fate of the great poem now in the reader's hands.

The modernization of orthography which has obtained in recent critical editions of the works of our old writers, with whatever advantages and conveniences it may have been attended, has doubtless been accompanied also by many serious drawbacks. A broad line of distinction should be made between *bad* spelling and archaic spelling. The bad and arbitrary spelling of the printers of the seventeenth century is a thing no scholar would reverence or wish to preserve. But characteristic spelling of the derivative kind is a part of the history and

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growth of our language, and to destroy or eradicate such archaisms is to remove one of its most interesting landmarks. And we may safely hazard the assertion that many of these modernizations alter completely the identity of words, which meant one thing in their old form, and mean quite another in their new form.

That Milton was not inattentive to the niceties of orthography—and that he had a system and ideas of his own about it—is abundantly proved by those of his writings which issued from the press before his blindness. And although that sad event had occurred long before "Paradise Lost" was in the hands of the printer, and very shortly after its composition was begun, we cannot suppose him to have been indifferent to such matters in the case of the great work on which he expected to build his fame, which he was long in choosing, and began late. In dictating his nocturnal outpourings to his daughter, to his nephew Philips, or to any other chance amanuensis, it is more than probable that he was not content to leave either orthography or punctuation to their discretion or indiscretion, and that in the preparation of the manuscript and the revision of the proofs, considerable attention was devoted, under his direction, to both. With occasional exceptions, accordingly, easily accounted for by the ignorance or intermittent negligence of those whom the author employed, the orthography of the First Edition of "Paradise Lost" is not uncertain and arbitrary, but, in so far as it differs from that of the present day, differs systematically and scientifically. "Many of his words and modes of spelling," says a recent writer, "are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated scholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a most felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense.

As an instance of the manner in which the language of "Paradise Lost" has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, we may note

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the famous passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says—

“But thou  
Revisit’st not these eyes that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.”

Now, can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *sovrán* instead of sovereign, *perfet* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutfast* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maifring*, *anow* for enough, etc. etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us—a mind so widely informed with learning and subtle thought,—and possess a value very different to that which belongs to those of the mere shallow and fantastic crotcheter-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and afore-thought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to “verbal curiosities,” attached considerable importance. At the end of the First Edition of “Paradise Lost,” we meet with the following singular item among the Errata:—“Lib. 2. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*.” Even a tolerably attentive student of the early



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editions of Milton, might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in "Paradise Lost" quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that referred to above in the list of errata. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*, wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee*, *mee*, *hee*, *yee*. At the end of book ix., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions:—

"Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in woman ever trusting  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook,  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
*Sbee* first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book x. line 1:—

"Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull ast  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
*Hee* in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
Her husband *Sbee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137:—

"This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did whatever in itself,  
Her doing seemed to justify the deed;  
*Sbee* gave me of the tree, and I did eat.  
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:—  
Was *sbee* thy God that her thou did'st obey  
Before his voice, or was *sbee* made thy guide  
Superior," etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind,

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that he was thus curiously ingenious and folicitous about orthographical minutiae.

Before it assumed its present shape, "Paradise Lost" was at first wrought into a dramatic form, like some of the ancient mysteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preserved among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge, and were printed for the first time in Birch's Life of Milton. In its final form, if we may trust the authority of Aubrey,<sup>1</sup> it was begun about two years before and finished about three years after the King's restoration. There are no internal notes of the time when the poem was written, but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the King in the introduction to the seventh. His nephew, Philips, states that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty or thirty verses at a time, and that Milton's vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time therein. It is certain that the entire MS. was complete, and was seen by Elwood, the Quaker, on a visit to Milton, at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1665.

Some difficulty seems to have been experienced in obtaining a licence. Objections were made to particular passages, and especially to the simile of the sun (Book i. 594-600):—

"As when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

But it was at length granted, and the author sold his copy to

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<sup>1</sup> "Aubrey Letters," iii. 447.

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Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667. The original agreement between the poet and his publisher is still extant,<sup>1</sup> and we append the text of it entire, both on account of its intrinsic interest, and because it is necessary for the elucidation of some remarks we have to make in the sequel.

“ These Presents made the 27th day of April 1667 Between John Milton gent. of the one part, And Samuel Symons Printer of the other part Wittness that the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symōns & other the consideracōns herein mentioned Hath given, granted and assigned, and by these pūts doth give grant & assign unto the said Sam<sup>l</sup> Symons his executors and assignees All that Booke Copy or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shal be called or distinguished now lately Licensed to be printed Together w<sup>th</sup> the full benefitt profit and advantage thereof or w<sup>ch</sup> shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him his ex<sup>n</sup> and adm<sup>n</sup> doth covenant w<sup>th</sup> the said Sam<sup>l</sup> Symōns his ex<sup>n</sup> and afs<sup>r</sup> That he and they shall at all times hereafter have hold and enjoy the same and all Impressions thereof accordingly without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton his ex<sup>n</sup> or afs<sup>r</sup> or any person or persons by his or their consent or privitie. And that he the said John Milton his ex<sup>n</sup> or adm<sup>n</sup> or any other by his or their meanes or consent shall not print or cause to be printed or sell dispose or publish the said Book or Manuscript or any other Book or Manuscript of the same tenor or subiect without the consent of the said Sam<sup>l</sup> Symōns, his ex<sup>n</sup> or afs<sup>r</sup>: In consideration whereof the said Sam<sup>l</sup> Symōns for him, his ex<sup>n</sup> and adm<sup>n</sup> doth covenant with the said John Milton his ex<sup>n</sup> and afs<sup>r</sup> well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton his ex<sup>n</sup> and adm<sup>n</sup> the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at

<sup>1</sup> In the British Museum. It was formerly in the collection of Samuel Rogers, who purchased it of the late William Pickering for one hundred guineas.

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the end of the first Impression which the said Sam<sup>l</sup> Symons, his ex<sup>o</sup> or afs<sup>t</sup> shall make and publish of the said Copy or Manuscript, which Impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred Books of the said whole Copy or Manuscript imprinted shal be sold and retailed off to particular reading Customers. And shall also pay other five pounds, unto the said John Milton, or his afs<sup>t</sup> at the end of the second Impression to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third Impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first Impressions shall not exceed fifteen hundred Books or volumes of the said whole Copy or Manuscript, a piece. And further, That the said Samuel Symons, and his ex<sup>o</sup>, adm<sup>n</sup>, & afs<sup>t</sup> shal be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and beleife of or concerning the truth of the disposing & selling the said Books by Retail, as aforesaid whereby the said Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money, from time to time upon every reasonable request in that behalf or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon each Impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, & for & in lieu thereof. In wittness whereof, the said parties have to this writing Indented, Interchangeably sett their hands & seales the day & yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal.)

Scaled and delivered in } John Fisher.  
the presence of us, } Benjamin Greene, serv<sup>t</sup> to Mr. Milton.

The first impression of "Paradise Lost," in Ten Books, consisted then of thirteen hundred copies and was published in 1667. But the various bookfellers who sold copies of it prefixed their own respective titles, of which there are no fewer than eight (if not more), bearing date 1667, 1668 and 1669, in April of which latter year the edition appears to have been exhausted, or as

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the agreement says, "fold and retailed off to particular reading customers."<sup>1</sup> During a considerable part of these two years the poem must have been kept in type, and copies must have been printed off when required, as minute orthographical variations, running through the whole of the book, occur in the different copies and issues and in the numeration of the lines, only to be accounted for on this supposition. In some instances errors of the early issues were rectified, and in other cases what was originally right was set wrong; capitals and small letters alternated and shifted places; catchwords dropt, slipt out, or were altered; and the lines were numbered and renumbered, now faultily, now correctly—all which would seem to imply that certain letters and figures were taken out at the printing-office when required for other work or were dropped in moving the forms and afterwards replaced in a more or less arbitrary or careless fashion. Doubtless also a certain number of corrections were made from time to time as errors were detected. The following Table of the various titles to the First Edition is appended from Bohn's Edition of Lowndes, for facility of reference:—

—Paradise Lost. A Poem Written in TEN BOOKS By JOHN MILTON. Licens'd and Entred according to Order. London; Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker* under *Creed Church*, near *Aldgate*. And by *Robert Boulter* at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate Street*, and *Matthias Walker*, under *St. Dunstons Church*, in *Fleet street*, 1667, 4to.

*First title-page*, 171 leaves. The author's name is in *italic*

<sup>1</sup> Milton's receipt for the second payment of five pounds is dated April 26, 1669. It is here subjoined from the original, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Dawson Turner:—

"April 26, 1669.

"Rec<sup>d</sup> then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant, I say rec<sup>d</sup> by me

"JOHN MILTON.

"Witness, EDMUND UPTON."

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capitals. The Poem immediately follows the title-page, without the seven preliminary leaves containing the Argument, list of Errata, &c. which were afterwards added.

*Second title-page* (1667). In this the name "JOHN MILTON" is much smaller than in the preceding.

It should be observed, that although this variation is placed as the second state, it is just as likely to be the first, as there is no evidence to the contrary.

*Third title-page* (1668). Paradise Lost. A Poem in TEN BOOKS. The Author J. M. (*initials only*). Licenfed and Entred according to Order. Lond.; Printed and are to be fold by Peter Parker, &c. [as before]. 1668.

*Fourth title-page* (1668). Paradise Lost. A Poem in ten Books. The Author JOHN MILTON. Lond.; Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be fold by S. Thomfon, at the Bishops Head, in Duck Lane, H. Mortlack, at the White Hart, in Westminster Hall, M. Walker, under St. Dunfton's Church, in Fleet Street, and R. Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Bishopsgate Street, 1668. In this variation there is a *flour-de-lis* ornament of four lines under the author's name. Immediately after the title are prefixed, for the first time, seven preliminary leaves, containing the Address of the Printer (S. Simmons), to the Reader in three lines, the Argument, the Verse, and Errata.

*Fifth title-page* (1668). Paradise Lost, a Poem in ten Books, the Author \*\*\* John Milton. \*\* London, printed by S. Simmons, &c. 1668. Prefixed are the Address of the Printer to the Reader, the Argument, and Errata, seven leaves.

*Sixth title-page* (1668). Same as the fifth, excepting that there are no stars on the title-page, and the Printer's Address to the Reader consists of five lines instead of three.

*Seventh title-page* (1669). Paradise lost, A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS. The Author, JOHN MILTON. LONDON. Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be fold by T. Helder, at the Angel in Little Brittain, 1669. Date at the foot of the page, in the centre, instead of at the end of the previous line. Contains the

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Address of the Printer to the Reader (in some copies the *three-line*, in others the *five-line* Address), Argument, Errata, &c. as before.

In some copies bearing what we here distinguish as the seventh title there are three variations in the last page of Book 3, viz., I. having the top line numbered 740, and *with* instead of *in* in the penultimate line. II. Having the top line numbered 740, but the correct word *in*. III. The top line not numbered, the penultimate line numbered 750, and the word *in* correct.

*Eighth title-page* (1669). The same as before, excepting that the word *Angel* on the title-page is in italic, the word *London* is in smaller italics than in the seventh title, and there is a comma instead of a full stop after the word *Brittain*. It contains the seven preliminary leaves, but without the Printer's Address to the Reader. All these leaves, as well as the last two of the poem, appear to have been reprinted. The penultimate line of the Errata has lib. 2 instead of lib. 6.

Of the variations of some of the different copies, the following is a tabulated statement:—

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Lowndes 7, 1669  
2nd variation.

980 I travel  
990 Answer'd  
1000 That little  
Havock  
H 1 reverse.

reply, 1010  
steard, 1020  
perverse 1030  
din, 1040  
H 2 reverse.

out, 50  
Heaven 60  
there 70  
rage 80  
H 4 reverse.

mee  
H 4 reverse, line 15.  
(Line 663, bk. 3.)  
accoltes.  
L 1 reverse.

740 The rest  
750 Hence  
760 Throws his steep  
flight in  
L 2 reverse.

Lowndes 7, 1669  
1st variation.

980 I travel  
990 Answer'd  
1000 That little  
Havock  
H 1 reverse.

reply, 1010  
steard, 1020  
perverse 1030  
din, 1040  
H 2 reverse.

out, 50  
Heaven 60  
there 70  
rage 80  
H 4 reverse.

mee  
H 4 reverse, line 15.  
(Line 663, bk. 3.)  
accoltes;  
L 1 reverse.

740 The rest  
750 Hence  
760 Throws his steep  
flight with  
L 2 reverse.

Lowndes 6,  
1668.

980 Directed  
990 That mighty  
1000 Encroacht  
Havock  
H 1 reverse.

shore 1010  
hard 1020  
fro 1030  
cafe 1040  
H 2 reverse.

out, 60  
Heaven 70  
there 80  
rage  
H 4 reverse.

me  
H 4 reverse, line 15.  
(Line 663, bk. 3.)  
accoltes.  
L 1 reverse.

740 Hence  
750 Throws his steep  
flight in  
L 2 reverse.

Lowndes 4,  
1668.

980 I travel  
990 Answer'd  
1000 That little  
Havock  
H 1 reverse.

reply, 1010  
steard, 1020  
perverse 1030  
din, 1040  
H 2 reverse.

out, 50  
Heaven 60  
there 70  
rage 80  
H 4 reverse.

mee  
H 4 reverse, line 15.  
(Line 663, bk. 3.)  
accoltes;  
L 1 reverse.

740 The rest  
750 Hence  
760 Throws his steep  
flight with  
L 2 reverse.

Lowndes 1,  
1667.

980 I travel  
990 Answer'd  
1000 That little  
Havock  
H 1 reverse.

reply, 1010  
steard, 1020  
perverse 1030  
din, 1040  
H 2 reverse.

out, 50  
Heaven 60  
there 70  
rage 80  
H 4 reverse.

mee  
H 4 reverse, line 15.  
(Line 663, bk. 3.)  
accoltes.  
L 1 reverse.

740 Hence  
750 Throws his steep  
flight in  
L 2 reverse.



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<p><i>Lowndes 1,</i> 1667. <i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (<i>line seven</i>) I groane: 90 With Diadem (<i>line ninety-one</i>) fu- pream 100 Which . . . relapſe, 110 Evil L 4 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 4,</i> 1668. <i>In line the second</i> Among the ſpirits (<i>line seven</i>) I groane; 80 With Diadem (<i>line eighty-one</i>) Su- pream 90 Which . . . relapſe 100 Evil L 4 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 6,</i> 1668. <i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (<i>line seven</i>) I groane: 90 With Diadem (<i>line ninety-one</i>) fu- pream 100 Which . . . relapſe, 110 Evil L 4 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 7, 1669.</i> <i>1st variation.</i> <i>In line the second</i> Among the ſpirits (<i>line seven</i>) I groane; 80 With Diadem (<i>line eighty-one</i>) fu- pream 90 Which . . . relapſe, 100 Evil L 4 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 7, 1669.</i> <i>2nd variation.</i> <i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (<i>line seven</i>) I groane: 80 With Diadem (<i>line eighty-one</i>) fu- pream 90 Which . . . relapſe, 100 Evil L 4 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>
<p>flood, 720 O 2 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 287</i>) Bands (<i>Line 301</i>) Raies to warme Q 4 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 608</i>) Lord: <i>Line 615 and 616, tbu,</i> Ordaind So ſpake S 1 <i>reſſe</i>.</p>	<p>flood, 720 O 2 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 287</i>) bands (<i>Line 301</i>) Raies, to warme Q 4 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 608</i>) Lord: <i>Line 615 and 616, tbu,</i> Ordaind So ſpake S 1 <i>reſſe</i>.</p>	<p>flood, 720 O 2 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 287</i>) Bands (<i>Line 301</i>) Raies to warme Q 4 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 608</i>) Lord: <i>Line 615 and 616, tbu,</i> Ordaind So ſpake S 1 <i>reſſe</i>.</p>	<p>flood, 720 O 2 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 287</i>) Bands (<i>Line 301</i>) Raies to warme Q 4 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 608</i>) Lord: <i>Line 615 and 616, tbu,</i> Ordaind So ſpake S 1 <i>reſſe</i>.</p>	<p>flood, 720 O 2 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 287</i>) Bands (<i>Line 301</i>) Raies to warme Q 4 <i>reſſe</i>.  (<i>Line 608</i>) Lord: <i>Line 615 and 616, tbu,</i> Ordaind So ſpake S 1 <i>reſſe</i>.</p>
<p>710 And from within S 2 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p>710 And from within S 2 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p>710 And from within, S 2 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p>710 And from within S 2 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>	<p>710 And from within S 2 <i>reversſe</i>.</p>

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<p>Lowndes 1, 1667. (Line 743) Or Stars of Morning, S 3 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>(Line 827) Our happie flate under one S 4 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>820 To waite 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>ground 850 Bows, 860 flew 870 Nn 2 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 <i>reversf</i>.</p>	<p>Lowndes 4, 1668. (Line 743) Or Stars of Morning, S 3 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>(Line 827) Our happie flate under one S 4 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>820 To waite 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>ground 850 Bows, 860 flew 870 Nn 2 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 <i>reversf</i>.</p>	<p>Lowndes 6, 1668. (Line 743) Or Stars of Morning, S 3 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>(Line 827) Our happie flate under our S 4 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>820 To waite 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>ground 850 Bows, 860 flew 870 Nn 2 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 <i>reversf</i>.</p>	<p>Lowndes 7, 1669. <i>1st variation</i>. (Line 743) Or Stars of Morning, S 3 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>(Line 827) Our happie flate under one S 4 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>820 If guiltles? 830 So might 840 I find Nn 1 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>Death, 850 nigh, 860 pride 870 Nn 2 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>940 His counfel 950 Would 960 A long 970 Living Nn 3 <i>reversf</i>.</p>	<p>Lowndes 7, 1669. <i>2nd variation</i>. (Line 743) Or Stars of Morning, S 3 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>(Line 827) Our happie flate under one S 4 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>820 If guiltles? 830 So might 840 I find Nn 1 <i>reversf</i>.</p> <p>Death, 850 nigh, 860 pride 870 Nn 2 <i>refta</i>.</p> <p>940 His counfel 950 Would 960 A long 970 Living Nn 3 <i>reversf</i>.</p>
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## A Monograph on the First Edition

<p><i>Leuwds 1,</i> 1667.</p> <p>devour 980 (<i>Line 982</i>) milery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>1010 But Nn 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 1078</i>) Which might fupplie Oo 1 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 32</i>) pray let me, Oo 3 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 76</i>) Doom Oo 3 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 101</i>) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 139</i>) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 904</i>) few; Rr 4 <i>reversf.</i></p>	<p><i>Leuwds 4,</i> 1668.</p> <p>devour 980 (<i>Line 982</i>) milery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>1010 But Nn 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 1078</i>) Which might fupply Oo 1 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 32</i>) pray, let mee Oo 3 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 76</i>) doom Oo 3 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 101</i>) warriours, Oo 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 139</i>) linkt; Oo 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 904</i>) few, Rr 4 <i>reversf.</i></p>	<p><i>Leuwds 6,</i> 1668.</p> <p>devour 980 (<i>Line 982</i>) milery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>1010 But Nn 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 1078</i>) Which might fupplie Oo 1 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 32</i>) pray, let mee Oo 3 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 76</i>) Doom Oo 3 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 101</i>) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 139</i>) linkt; Oo 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 904</i>) few; Rr 4 <i>reversf.</i></p>	<p><i>Leuwds 7,</i> 1669. <i>1st variation.</i></p> <p>Race, 980 (<i>Line 978</i>) milery, fwest, 990 power 1000 Nn 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>1010 But Nn 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 1078</i>) Which might fupplie Oo 1 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 32</i>) pray let me, Oo 3 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 76</i>) Doom Oo 3 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 101</i>) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 139</i>) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 904</i>) few, Rr 4 <i>reversf.</i></p>	<p><i>Leuwds 7,</i> 1669. <i>2nd variation.</i></p> <p>Race, 980 (<i>Line 978</i>) milery, fwest, 990 power 1000 Nn 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>1010 But Nn 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 1078</i>) Which might fupplie Oo 1 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 32</i>) pray let me, Oo 3 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 76</i>) Doom Oo 3 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 101</i>) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reth.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 139</i>) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reversf.</i></p> <p>(<i>Line 904</i>) few, Rr 4 <i>reversf.</i></p>
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## *of Milton's Paradise Lost.*

While the present facsimile was in preparation, tidings reached us of another set of variations, in a copy of the first Edition recently purchased by a collector. An application to inspect it was met by a refusal, but from a former possessor of the volume, the Publisher learnt that it was a made-up copy of sheets of the various later issues, containing a few additional errors and omissions, attributable to the process described above. The Editors would have deemed it a misfortune not to be able to make use of it, had they not learnt that the former owner had made it up from several copies, and that it had been refused by two competent judges, who have charge of two of the libraries which are among the most important in the world, as a copy of no critical value or reliability.

To the fourth issue (1668) were prefixed, as we have seen, for the first time, seven preliminary leaves, containing, the Address of the Printer to the Reader, the Arguments, the Verse, and Errata. These Seven Leaves, which were several times entirely reset and were subjected from time to time to arbitrary orthographical variations, have been carefully facsimiled from one of the copies [of the 1668 issue] in which they originally appeared.

The Second Edition of *Paradise Lost*, in Twelve Books, Revised and Augmented, appeared in 1674, the same year in which Milton died. It is a small 8vo. and contains a portrait by Dolle, and the Commendatory Verses of Barrow and Marvell. We append a note respecting the redivision of the Books, and the additional lines intercalated into the text.

Book vii. was divided into two Books; the seventh ending at line 640. Line 641,

“To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd,”

was thus amplified as the new opening to Book viii. :—

“The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear,  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking; still stood fix'd to hear:  
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.”

## *A Monograph on the First Edition*

The Eighth became the Ninth, and the Ninth the Tenth Book.

The Tenth Book of the First Edition was subdivided into Books Eleven and Twelve. The former ended at line 896, and the Twelfth Book opened with the following new lines:—

“As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed: so here th' arch-angel pauf'd,  
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restor'd;  
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.”

Some few additions were also made to the Poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

### BOOK v. 637.

1667.  
“They eat, they drink, and with  
refection sweet  
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous  
King.”

1674.  
“They eat, they drink, and in  
communion sweet  
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure  
Of surfeit, where full measure only  
bounds  
Excess) before th' all bounteous  
King.”

### BOOK x. [xi.] 484.

After

“Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,

these three lines were interpolated:

“Demonic phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.”

### BOOK x. 547.

1667.  
“Which I must keep till my appointed  
day  
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him  
repli'd.”

1674.  
“Which I must keep till my appointed  
day  
Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. *Michaël* reply'd.”

## *of Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The present Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition of *Paradise Lost* has been made with the greatest care and exactness from a copy of the earliest issue—that, namely, which bears date 1667, and is marked in Lowndes as No. 1. This copy being in the original binding was of first-rate authority. Each sheet has been independently revised by three competent Editors, as well as by the printer's professional reader. The British Museum Copies have also been consulted, though having been rebound, they cannot be accounted as of equal authority with the copy in the original covers, followed by the printer. In compiling the Table of Variations the following copies have also been used:—A copy (1668) standing second in our Table, and marked in Lowndes, No. 4. This copy claims to have belonged to Edward Philips, Milton's nephew, subsequently to J. B. Cole, Sexton or Clerk of Cripplegate, who witnessed the restoration of Milton's tomb, and also to George Steevens, the Shakesperian critic. The copy standing in the third column of variations represents Lowndes No. 6; that in column four, Lowndes No. 7, with *first* variation, that in the fifth column, Lowndes No. 7, with *second* variation, and this last copy claims to have belonged to Milton himself. For the loan of the copies referred to in the first, fourth and fifth column, the Publisher is indebted to the kindness and liberality of three friends who most generously placed their treasures at his disposal for the present purpose.

R. H. S.



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